



## FOUR WORDS THAT MEAN MUCH

*Thank You  
Come Again*

## MILK'S MARKET

F. H. Milks

Phone No. 2

## For Past and Future

Among the many blessings for which we have to be thankful during this glad holiday season, the confidence and support of our loyal friends and customers stands out before us as the greatest. And the fact that we have striven hard to merit this confidence in no way detracts from the pleasure of knowing that it has been accorded us.

In entering upon another year of service to our community our earnest hope is that a kind Providence may bring to one and all its richest gifts, and that the cordial relations heretofore existing between you and us may be materially strengthened as the months go by.

Yours for a Happy and Prosperous New Year,

**H. Petersen, GROCER**

## WE WISH YOU HEARTILY

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS

AND ASSURE YOU OF OUR

SINCERE APPRECIATION OF

YOUR GOOD WILL AND PAT-

RONAGE.

Model Bakery

## LIVERY & SALES STABLES



Promote every service by at anything. Also in work.

Farms and Farm Lands and Property For Sale

**N. P. Olson, Grayling**

Phone No. 384

## PEOPLE ENJOY CHRISTMAS CAROLS

COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS TREE WAS BIG SUCCESS.

School Children and Church Choirs Sing Yuletide Songs.

The bugle sounded and from the east came a response; it sounded again and this time the answer came from the north and once more, at the bugle call, came the reply from the west. Thus was the formal opening of the program for the Community Christmas tree.

It was about 7:30 o'clock Saturday night when Mayor Hans Petersen mounted an elevated step before the Community Christmas tree and welcomed the people present; he thanked those who were instrumental in providing this feature for our people and especially the committees who did the work. He concluded his brief remarks with wishing all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and at the same instant the electric lights were flashed on and the thirty-foot pine tree was made brilliant with many red, white and green lights.

Immediately surrounding the tree were about 250 school children. By the assistance of the Boy Scouts the large crowd assembled were kept back to a respectable distance while the Citizens' band played a rousing number.

The school children next sang "Holy Night," bandmaster Ed Clark carrying the lead with his cornet. This was followed with Christmas songs by the Danish, Catholic and Methodist church choirs. The school children assisted by the assembly next sang "Hark the Herald Angels Sing."

The program concluded with the children of the lower grades singing and dancing around the Christmas tree.

There were probably nearly a thousand people present. It was a happy gathering, with the Christmas spirit bubbling over. To the children it was a specially happy time.

In every community there are many who are away from home and strangers in a community and such an event as a municipal tree may be the only semblance of Christmas that comes to them, and they, like all others, cannot but enjoy with grateful remembrance an occasion like this when everybody may join in singing their Christmas songs.

It was a glorious time and surely Grayling's first Community Christmas tree will long be remembered.

## Mrs. Underhill Dead

Thursday afternoon December 21, at about 3:30 o'clock occurred the sad death of Mrs. Charles F. Underhill, of Lovells, at Mercy hospital in this city, from leakage of the heart.

For nearly two years past the lady had been ill and about two weeks before her death she was taken to Mercy hospital. During this time of her last illness her husband Dr. Underhill was constantly at her bedside and right up to the last moment was hopeful of her recovery.

Mrs. Underhill was but 32 years old and a woman dearly loved by all who knew her, and her list of friends was large. For a number of years Dr. and Mrs. Underhill catered to trout fishermen and for the past five or six years conducted the Underhill Club, located about two miles north of Lovells on the North Branch of the Ausable river. Here their genial spirit, friendly and courteous manner, and home-making qualities endeared them to the hundreds of fishermen and women who annually came to their club house.

Mrs. Underhill leaves one son to mourn her death—Newell, who, outside of the time spent away at college, had made his home with his parents. The husband and son have the sympathy of their many friends in this sad hour of bereavement.

The remains were taken to the girlhood home, Rochester, N. Y., for interment.

## Announcement of Rural Department, Central State Normal, Mt. Pleasant.

To accommodate students who may enter the Mt. Pleasant Normal Jan. 2, five courses are offered in the following lines of work: Arithmetic, Algebra, Agriculture, Botany, Book-keeping, Drawing, English, Literature, Grammar, Geometry, History, Hygiene, Manual Arts, Music, Physical Training, Physics, Physiology, Pedagogy, Psychology, Penmanship, Reading, Rhetoric, and Rural Sociology. January 2, 1917, will be a good time to enter the Central State Normal school at Mt. Pleasant, Michigan.

**Good for Constipation.** Chamberlain's Tablets are excellent for constipation. They are pleasant to take and mild and gentle in effect. Obtainable everywhere.

## Notice.

The tax roll for the year 1916 is now on hand. I will be at my home every Friday up to Jan. 10 to receive taxes. Hans Christenson, Treas. Beaver Creek Twp.

## MORE FOX FARM.

It's Said a Company Is Being Organized to Promote the Industry.

From Gaylord Herald-Times. Fred Feierabend is going after the fox industry again. He is organizing a company with a capital stock of \$50,000, and states that it is expected papers will be filed with the secretary of state soon after the first of the coming year incorporating the company.

The new company, according to Mr. Feierabend, will go into the business of raising black foxes on an extensive scale and will locate on the Feierabend property east of this place. It is stated that there are now only four fox farms in Michigan, where climatic and other conditions are well adapted to raising foxes.

## LIQUOR LAWS BEING DRAFTED

The committee of "dry" attorneys working on a bill to be presented to the legislature has about completed its work. Prominent among the propositions are: Salary of prohibition commissioner to be \$3,500 per year, term of six years and appointment to be made by governor; does not have to be an attorney; appointment of one deputy, same term and \$2,500 yearly salary; unlawful to have liquor in clubs and societies, the locker system; requiring druggists to secure a permit from the prohibition commissioner before selling liquor, such sale by druggists to be made only on physician's prescription; no fee charged druggists for certificate to sell.

Prohibiting the keeping of a liquor in a room of a hotel or boarding house is included, and it will be unlawful for any agent to take orders within the state for liquor shipments with a severe penalty for violation. This will do away with the many mail order agencies now located in local option territory, and if the legislature passes the act as outlined it will mean any person desiring liquor will have to send direct for it. The quantity is limited to one gallon of wine, one quart of whiskey or three gallons of beer in one month. No person can have all three of such orders at any one time, but must limit his order to one of the three.

The manufacture of cider and wines for personal use is permitted, thus giving the farmer permission to make cider for vinegar or use his grapes for wine. It permits the manufacture of alcohol by factories for industrial use, sales to be in not less than ten-gallon lots and all sales to be reported to the prohibition commissioner.

Search and seizure sections practically the same as present local option law are included. Railroads must keep records of all liquor shipments as well as express companies and file records with the prosecuting attorney.

A bill prohibiting the transmission of liquor advertisements by mail to any one except licensed liquor dealers or agents was favorably reported today by the house postoffice committee. It is aimed at the so-called mail order liquor business in dry territory. The bill drawn by Rep. Randall, of California, prohibits, under absolute penalty by the mails to liquor advertising or correspondence except between persons licensed to do a liquor business. It would impose fines and prison sentences up to five years for violation and proposes also that any violator might be punished at the point of mailing or destination. The bill contains provisions which are supported by the prohibition forces in their war on the mail order trade.

## Don't Risk Neglect.

Don't neglect a constant headache, sharp, darting pains or urinary disorders. The danger of dropsy or Bright's disease is too serious to ignore. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, as have your friends and neighbors. A Grayling case: Nels H. Nielson, carpenter, Park St., Grayling, says: "Off and on for a few years I had trouble with my back and kidneys. My back ached day in and day out and was so stiff, I could hardly bend one way or the other. The kidney secretions were too frequent in passage, also. When I had this complaint I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Lewis' drug store, and they did me more good than anything else I had ever used. They always rid me of an attack in short order." Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Nielson had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. adv.

**Cough Medicine for Children.** Mrs. Hugh Cook, Scottville, N. Y., says: "About five years ago when we were living in Garbutt, N. Y., I doctor two of my children suffering from colds with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and found it just as represented in every way. It promptly checked their coughing and cured their colds quicker than anything I ever used." Obtainable everywhere.

## STATISTICAL NOTES

Japan has 400 hydroelectric plants. Nova Scotia employs 16,820 coal miners. France employs 109,300 women in munition factories. English colonies total 13,002, 321 square miles in area. Woods' turpentine output is 25,000,000 gallons yearly. Delaware college has this year received \$1,000,000 in gifts. Oregon last year marketed 36,000 pounds of cascara bark for medicine. Chile's national forests cover about 7,000,000 acres of land. Spain annually plants about 19,800 acres in peanuts and raises more of them than any other European country.

## PROPULSION BY HAND POWER

Ingenious Citizen of Far West Not Bothered by Cost of Gasoline—Uses Novel Device.

When a certain ingenious citizen of the far West goes for a jaunt with his little canoe he forgets all about the rising cost of gasoline and engine trouble and propels himself up and down stream with a hand and foot operated boat of his own construction.

Hand levers are connected with a crank which carries a gear, and this meshes with another gear which drives the propeller shaft.

Pedal cranks are connected with the same crank which is operated by hand levers, so that the boat can be driven by foot as well as by hand power. In this way the operator can use either one hand or two hands or both feet, or both hands and feet together. The apparatus weighs about forty pounds.

## NOW HAVE AERIAL INSURANCE

German Company Issues Policies Covering Damage to Property Caused by Bombs From Airships.

A German insurance company has organized a department of aerial insurance. This company is issuing policies covering damage to all property, real or movable, caused by explosive bodies or other objects thrown or falling from flying machines or caused by airships or aeroplanes themselves in making voluntary or involuntary landings, or parts thereof falling from them. The policies, however, make no provision for injury to or loss of life. It is said that numerous air raids over German cities and towns near the battle fronts, particularly in the West, have caused a demand for such policies.

## She Was Shopping.

She had been sitting in the furniture shop for nearly two hours, inspecting the stock of linoleums.

Roll after roll the perspiring assistant brought out, but still she seemed dissatisfied. From her dress she judged her to be a person of wealth, and thought it likely she would have a good order to give.

When at last he had shown her the last roll he paused in despair. "I'm sorry, madam," he said apologetically, "but if you could wait I could get some more pieces from the factory. Perhaps you would call again."

The prospective customer gathered her belongings together and rose from the chair.

"Yes, do," she said, with a gracious smile, "and ask them to send you one or two with very small designs, suitable for putting in the bottom of a canary's cage."

## His Ambition.

"Looky yuc!" severely said the manager of the Majestic moving picture theater at Tullinville, Ark., addressing Mr. Gap Johnson, who had come over from Rumpus Ridge, and hungered for amusement. "You've set plumb through four programs already. Just about when do you reckon you'll get enough?"

"Whenever what I'm expecting to happen comes off," was the cheery reply. "That there honest country husband has come within an ace of ketchin' the city dude trying to kiss his wife four times already, and that there fat feller is due any minute to break his fool back by falling out of that tree. And I figger that when them anecdotes occur they'll be plumb worth waiting for."

## More to Each Other.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were both growing very plump. Every effort to reduce their weight had proved fruitless, and their discontent with their failure was pathetic.

"It is too bad," said a mutual friend to a sympathetic physician. "The Smiths are so fond of each other, and used to be so graceful and slender when they were first married."

"Ah, well," replied the physician, "think how much more they are to each other now."

## On the Lord's Side.

"Mother, what makes Mr. Porter make such long prayers?" complained Nettie.

"Why, Nettie, I'm astonished. Mr. Porter was talking to the Lord, and it was your place to listen respectfully."

"But, mother, the Lord must know all that—he has said it over and over so many times."

## WE VALUE YOUR GOOD WILL

That we have been so fortunate as to command the confidence and good will of the people of this community is a matter of just pride to us. That we have had your cordial support and patronage is also a matter for self-congratulation.

For it all we wish herewith to tender our sincere thanks, and to wish for one and all continued prosperity and happiness.

Hoping that our relations may ever remain both pleasant and profitable to each of us, we beg to remain,

Yours for continued success,

**EMIL KRAUS**

Grayling's Leading Dry Goods and Clothing Store

## OWNER OF ROADSTER JARRED

Offers Lift to Woman Carrying Baby in Pursuit of Husband Escaping in Buggy.

James H. Sanks, a paper salesman in Indianapolis, the owner of a two-seated roadster, and a heart full of sympathy for the pedestrian, is saying "Never again." It is Sanks' custom in the outlying districts of the city where street cars travel seldom, to offer a lift to pedestrians.

Recently in the southeast part of the city, Sanks overtook a woman, with a baby in her arms, half walking, half running in the center of the street, and asked her whether she wished a lift. She got into the machine, and at once burst into tears.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "catch that buggy ahead. My husband is in it, and he is running away from me. Oh, Oh!"

Sanks was mollified.

"Oh, Oh," she cried again, "do catch him; do. He's an awful bad man, and as strong as three men, but I don't want him to go. Maybe he'll kill me, but I want him to come back."

"Lady," said Sanks, "you need a policeman a whole lot worse than you need me, and besides, I just forgot, but I've got to go back the other way. I expect maybe you better get out."

"No, no, follow him."

"Please get out."

"No, faster, faster!"

His passenger continued to urge full speed ahead, and Sanks began to consider "damning" the engine to force a stop, when he sighted a policeman on the next corner, to whom he succeeded in delivering the woman and her baby.

Persons who wish to ride with Sanks now must have a certificate alleging their freedom from care and trouble of every kind.—Indianapolis Star.

## Increase Silk Production.

In German silk culture experiments, feeding with leaves of a species of mulberry is expected to produce four or five crops of cocoons a year, instead of the one from mulberry leaves. Consul C. A. Damm, however, forecasts the failure of the attempt to create a silk industry for war invalids and cripples, on account of difficulties of spinning and a cost of the product likely to exceed that of the imported raw silk.

## Urgent.

Just as the Christmas dinner was on the table, and the family had gathered about it, big sister stepped into the hall to look at her hair in the mirror there.

Eileen was hungry, and everything did look and smell so good, and yet she knew well that father would not say grace until big sister was also in her seat.

"Hurry up, Ruth," she called. "God's waiting."

**Deep Philosophy.**

Bystander—I suppose you would like to take a ride without worrying about tires and the like?

Motorist (fixing a puncture)—You bet I would.

Bystander—Well, here's a car tight as a Chaparral.

## An Economist.

Judge—You let the burglar go to arrest an automobilist?

Policeman—Yes.—The autoist pays a fine and adds to the resources of the state; the burglar goes to prison and the state has to pay for his keep.—Life.

## MOVING STARS IN HEAVENS

Mystery Explained When Telescope Is Brought Into Use—Were Lights on Automobiles.

William R. Gardener, who has a cottage on the west shore of Pontonoc lake, in the Berkshires, has been noticing what he termed moving stars in the northwestern heavens. "These stars," he had said, "appeared quite high in the sky and slowly descended. They disappeared and then appeared again lower down in the sky." Recently a powerful telescope was brought into play and the mystery was solved.—The lights were found to be those on automobiles coming down the Rockwell road from the summit of Greylock mountain.

## Pats Nearly Wrecked This Man.

A writer in the American Magazine says: "I have always been obsessed with a desire to be patted on the back. I am that economic hybrid, the successful failure, just escaping complete wreck by suddenly realizing the truth. The other day, just after I had been promoted to a position of considerable importance, a friend slapped me on the back and said, 'Good boy, I knew they would appreciate your worth some time.' His words were gall. I had held the same position more than 20 years before. I had merely won back by hard work a position that, in early manhood, I had achieved without much effort."

## Tiny but Deadly.

Two canary birds of the Hartz variety, belonging to Mrs. V. V. Leese of Guston, Okla., were killed by a hummingbird recently and the murderer was caught in the cage beside the bodies of his victims.

The canary birds were on the porch of the Leese home. The hummingbird was able to fly between the wires of the cage and attacked the canary birds with its long and pointed bill. The canary birds, although larger than their assailant, were almost powerless against the quick darts. The hummingbird came out of the battle almost unhurt, but was unable to make his exit the way he had come in. The canaries were valuable.

## She Also Needed Food.

This from a member of the Boston Authors' club: "A neighbor of mine threw a book out of his window and it has been lying in the gutter ever since." "Maybe he doesn't love books." "Oh, you can't judge of that by his treatment of this particular novel. It's entitled 'A Pair of Blue Eyes' is advertised as 'daring,' and was written by a woman who left her husband because her soul was 'starved.'"

## His Job.

"Please, mister, have you got any work for a poor man what ain't had nuthin' to eat for three days?" "What kind of work can you do?" "I'm a demonstrator, mister."

"A demonstrator? And what do you demonstrate?" "My best hold is demonstration of the superiority of teeth over victuals. Just lend me to a square meal and I'll show you a sample of my work."

## Queen Elizabeth.

Among the objects of interest exhibited at the museum of the White Archeological society, at Salisbury, England, was a lock of hair of Queen Elizabeth, which was found at Whiton house, between the leaves of a copy of "The Arcadia."

The hair is light brown, approaching to auburn, certainly not red, although with a reddish tinge.

Try a package of Dr. Nava's Kidney tablets. For sale at the A. M. Lewis drug store.







# THE QUARTERBREED

The Story of an Army Officer on an Indian Reservation  
By ROBERT AMES BENNET

COMING to take the agency at Lakotah Indian Reservation following the murder of Agent Nogen, Capt. Floyd Hardy, U. S. A., rescues a quarterbreed girl and two men from attacking Indians. They are Jacques Dupont, post trader, his daughter Marie, and Reginald Vandervyn, agency clerk and nephew of Senator Clemmer. Hardy learns that Vandervyn had been promised the agency by his political uncle, discovers that the Indians are disaffected because they have been cheated in a tribal mine which Dupont and Vandervyn are working illegally, is puzzled when his friendly speech to tribesmen, interpreted by Vandervyn's tool, angers the Indians, and he determines to find out what's wrong all around, and right it. He becomes smitten with Marie, whom Vandervyn is courting, and proposes to her. She holds him off but nurses him tenderly when he is shot and wounded from ambush. Recovered, Captain Hardy, accompanied by the Duponts, Vandervyn, an interpreter and a few Indian policemen, starts to the mines in the mountains. What occurs on that trip makes mighty good reading in this installment.

## CHAPTER X—Continued.

When Hardy saw the couple ride ahead, he would have ordered them back had not Dupont again assured him that the girl would not be in the slightest danger at any time during the trip.

"You were not so certain of the friendliness of the Indians toward her the other day," remarked Hardy.

Dupont scratched his head. "Well, no, I wasn't, Cap; that's no lie. That there, though, was different. I'm going now by what Mr. Van says about the feeling in the camps. Wish I felt as sure about you."

"Never mind about me. If your daughter is safe, that is quite sufficient. You say this mine is centrally located with relation to the various camps. We will go to it first and endeavor to get the tribe to meet us there in council."

"At the mine?" murmured Dupont.

"Well, you're the boss."

The party now entered Sioux Creek canyon and followed the narrow path alongside the torrent until they came to the first small Indian camp.

The Indians met Marie and Vandervyn with friendly greetings but looked at Hardy with a stolid concealment of ill feeling that, according to Dupont, boded ill for the new agent's reception in the larger camps. Hardy set his jaw, and ordered the party to start on into the mountains.

Noon found the party over twenty miles from the agency by trail, though less than half that distance in an air

line. They had come upon no more Indian camps and had seen no more Indians. Late afternoon found them far among the mountains, with snowy peaks on every side. Yet they were still a long ten miles by trail from their destination. Upon learning from Dupont that there was no desirable camp-site nearer than the mine, Hardy asked his companion to ride forward and urge all to a faster pace.

The rest of the party had rounded a heap of rock that towered up like a ruined castle at the ridge summit, and Vandervyn was about to follow them out of sight, when the thoroughbred came to a full stop, thirty yards down the trail, at the foot of the steepest part of the climb. Considerate of the fact that his tall mount was at a disadvantage in such a situation as compared with the lower-set ponies, Hardy did not urge the mare to carry him up the ascent.

He paused a moment, waiting to see if she would make the attempt voluntarily. She stood motionless. He patted her neck and dropped down out of the saddle. The suddenness of the movement alone saved him from the bullet that planged down the mountain-side and passed above the saddle precisely where, an instant before, had been his midbody.

The report of the rifle had yet to reach Hardy's ear when he peered over the mare's withers in search of the smoke of the shot. But though he saw no smoke, he did not look in vain.

Above a bowlder, high up in a cleft, he perceived a devilish painted face, surrounded by a war bonnet. He glanced sideways up the ridge-slope at Vandervyn. The young man had halted his pony on the ridge crest and was staring back down at Hardy.

Hardy waved to him imperatively. "Go on!" he shouted. "Guard Miss Dupont. May be more of them. Send the police around to flank."

Vandervyn's pinto leaped out of sight. A shot grazed the mare's withers. In a flash he flung up his rifle and fired at the down-peering devilish face. It vanished as he pressed the trigger.

Swift as a puma, he sprang around the mare's head and dashed up the slope, keeping a large bowlder in line between himself and his enemy. A bullet came pinging down over the bowlder and passed under his upraised

arm. A few seconds more and, safe behind the huge stone, he slowly edged his back above the top. The ancient ruse drew a shot. Instantly he scrambled obliquely upward towards another bowlder. It was a desperate move. A bullet grazed his thigh as he flung himself behind the bushes beside the second bowlder. Hardy waited.

The twilight was fast falling. Still Hardy waited. His knee scannin' the cleft and the rocks on either side. It was time for the police to come creeping around on the flank of the assassin. A little more and the dusk would render close shooting difficult. Yet the precious moments slipped by, and no sign of the police.

Over on the far side of the cleft there was a faint glint of metal in the deepening shadow. Without a moment's hesitation Hardy aimed and fired. The mountain-side rang with a shrill yell. The bullet had found its mark. Hardy leaped to his feet and dashed up the mountain-side, keeping behind shelter where it was available, but in places boldly rushing up over open spaces.

There, on the spot where he had seen the glint, he found a trace of blood. The wounded man had crept away up the cleft. For several yards Hardy followed the trail by the splashes of crimson on the leaves and rocks. Then the traces ceased. But over in one of the many clefts on the far side of the gap he thought he saw something move among the bowlders. He sprinted down the slope and across the gap, his face flushed with exertion, but his eyes still cold and hard.

Among the heaps of broken rocks in the bottom of the gap Hardy lost sight of the cleft for which he was heading. When he started to return along what he supposed to be the passage by which he had entered, he soon found himself in a cul-de-sac. Dusk was now deepening into night. He came out into a steep ascent between overhanging ledges. This certainly was not the way by which he had entered, but he kept to it, eager to escape out of the maze.

Night had fallen when at last he reached the top of the cleft and clambered up on a ridge crest. But the sky was clear, and the starlight enabled him to see the outlines of the mountains that cut the skyline. A star lower down than any of the others caught his eye. He peered at it fixedly. The little, twinkling point of light was not a star—it was a fire, two or three miles away across the intervening valley. Hardy took his bearings by the stars and started down the mountain-side directly toward the fire.

Once clear of the rocks of the slanting mountain top, he found the going unexpectedly easy. Almost from the first he had lost sight of the fire and at no time did he see any trace of the trail to the mine. Off to the left he heard the dimmutive roar of a mountain-rail dashing down a ravine to join the main stream in the valley.

At last he came up over the edge of the ridge-top, or terrace, on which the cliff-headed. The moment his eyes cleared the low underbrush below the few scattered pines he perceived the flicker of the fire for which he was looking. He could make out the appearance of the dark forms around the fire, but their number and the half-dozen white tepees grouped around the fire told him that he had not found the camp of his party.

He had no more than made this discovery when a number of yelping, snarling mongrel dogs rushed out at him like a pack of wolves. He met their attack by swinging his rifle barrel around in a circle. The cowardly curs closed about him, but were afraid to leap in within reach of the club. He had not stopped his advance. Nor did he pause or hesitate when over the heads of the leaping, yelping pack he saw the Indian women and children scurry to the tepees and the bucks spring up with their bows and guns.

CHAPTER XI.

Light in the Darkness.

Soon Hardy had approached into the circle of the fire. Some of the Indians started and drew their weapons at him. He held his rifle high, palm forward. He saw a light hand, a guttural utterance, and a threatening

blazing eye. He stepped forward with a blinding wave of the dogs.

Hardy advanced to the fire and stood back, as among them who drive a bullet or a knife into his body, and he faced them as coolly as they were his own party.

The side of the fire as if for the signal to strike. Hardy glanced down and perceived a wrapped Indian who sat in the midst of the volcanic hush and

placid and immobile as a Buddha. His face was down-bent, and so muffled in the blanket that Hardy could not make out the features. It was, however, easy to divine that this man was the chief of the band.

Hardy walked around the fire with his most dignified bearing, sat down beside the chief and laid his rifle on the ground between them. He then folded his arms and waited. His eyes fixed on the fire in a dim, unwavering gaze. There followed a silence of a full minute's duration. He knew that it might end at any moment in an attack. His hand gripped the hilt of his pistol on his breast under the edge of his coat. The bucks stealthily shifted their positions until they had completely surrounded the unwelcome visitor. Hardy sat motionless and gave no sign that he observed them.

At last, when the suspense had become almost unendurable, the chief muttered a word to the nearest buck. The man glided back toward the large tepee. The chief pushed the blanket from his breast. Hardy slowly looked aside at him and perceived the powerful profile of Ti-wa-konza, the Thunderbolt. He was to deal with the head chief of the tribe.

There followed another silence. It was broken by the tread of light feet, and a girl appeared beside the chief. Hardy caught a glimpse of a gingham skirt, and glanced quickly up at the face of the girl. He was met by the frightened gaze of Olanna Redbear.

"Oh!" she murmured. "It is bad! You oughtn't to've come here, sir. They don't like you. Mr. Van said he was going to tell you."

A grant of disapproval from Ti-wa-konza cut short the hurried statement. At a dignified silence the chief spoke to the girl. She clasped her hands and interpreted in an anxious murmur:

"He says I must be only the tongue between you and him. He says, why did you let? Why have you not gone away as you said you would?"

Hardy turned and looked direct into the haughty face of the chief. "Tell him I did not lie. I did not say I would go away. I wished to stay and prove myself the friend of the tribe. Your brother told the lie to keep the chiefs from destroying the tribe by attacking me."

Olanna's interpretation brought guttural exclamations from the surrounding bucks. Hardy was equally unmoved by their ferocious glances and the contemptuous rejoinder of Ti-wa-konza:

"Does the chief of the Longknives think to destroy a tribe single-handed?"

"No, nor do I wish others to destroy the tribe," answered Hardy. "I do not wish the Longknives to come and make war on the tribe. Yet that is what they will do if I am harmed."

Again Olanna interpreted in her flute-like tones. This time the chief considered before speaking. Olanna's gold-tipped skin turned a sallow gray.

"He says he will fight if you do not promise to go away!" she gasped. Hardy smiled. "Have no fear, Olanna. He is too great a chief to kill a guest in his camp. Tell him I came to the reservation to be a friend to the tribe. Though I am a chief of the Longknives, my heart is good toward his people. It would be foolish of him to kill or drive away the friend of his people."

This time Ti-wa-konza gave the intruder an open stare of contempt. The surrounding bucks glared more ferociously than ever.

"He says you are fork-tongued," Olanna translated the reply. "He says, if you are a friend, why did you say at the council that you would punish all the tribe for the killing of Nogen?"

"That is a mistake. I did not say I would punish the tribe."

Olanna interpreted the answer and the grim old chief's rejoinder: "The Longknife's mouth was big at the agency. Here he is alone in my camp and his mouth is small."

"I talk as I talked at the agency. What Ti-wa-konza claims I said about punishing the tribe is not the truth."

Still the old chief's face remained inscrutably immobile. He pondered, and at last made another sharp query: "The Longknife claims that he is a friend. Why, then, did he say at the council that he was the enemy Nogen did and make my people dig stones and dirt from the big holes, without giving them any trade goods for their work?"

Hardy's clear eyes dimmed for a moment, and then sparkled with comprehension. He answered with an earnest sincerity of tone that compelled belief:

"I now see that at the council Redbear mistook much of what I told him to say, or else, in their anger, Ti-wa-konza and his subchiefs failed to understand aright the interpretation. The place where stones are dug is on an Indian ground. It belongs to the tribe. No white man has any right to make my people dig stones. If they are willing to dig, they must be given trade goods for their work."

The response to this statement was unmistakable. The answer that Olanna had interpreted as the last trace of menace disappeared from the hearing of the Indians, and even the chief began to relax. Yet he had still another query:

"Did the Longknife say he would stop the issue to the tribe of all government goods and that he would take away from the tribe all their lands and give them to the white men?"

At last the real cause of the failure of the council was disclosed. Either intentionally or through stupid blundering, Redbear had made the chiefs furious by a twisted interpretation that had given the exact reverse of what had been intended. With the key to the situation in his hands, Hardy at once began to make clear what he tried to tell at the council.

He explained why the issue of the lands would cease, the following spring, and what was meant by an allotment of tribal land in severalty. He added that if there was gold on any of the reservation land it would be well for the tribe to sell that part of what they owned; otherwise bad white men would, sooner or later, come in and steal it.

More than half convinced of Hardy's sincerity, though with still a lingering suspicion, Ti-wa-konza explained in turn that the tribe was not only willing to allot the farming land of the reservation and sell the mineral land, but a treaty to that effect had been agreed upon by the tribe, the previous year. All that remained to be done was for the white chiefs at Washington to agree on the price to be paid for the mineral land and for a delegation of tribal chiefs to go to Washington and put their marks on the treaty paper and put their marks on the question or two from Hardy brought out the angry complaint that when Nogen began to dig stones he told the chiefs there would be no treaty, and that the tribe must dig the stones for him, or they would receive no more issue goods. Chief Van and Big-mouth (Dupont) had tried to get Nogen to give trade goods to the young men and women who had dug holes. But Nogen would not allow it. Then a bad Indian had shot Nogen, and Van had shot the killer. The tribe did not blame Chief Van. But they had felt bad toward Nogen and they had felt bad toward the new agent because they thought he would do as Nogen had done. Now they would like to kill him when he became known what he intended to do for the tribe.

After the old chief finished this explanation, Hardy found himself a welcome and honored guest in the camp. At his suggestion Ti-wa-konza readily agreed to send out runners in the morning to call a council at the mine the day after. Hardy, in turn, promised to draw up papers to make smooth the way of the delegation of chiefs in Washington.

At a sign from her grandfather, Olanna now brought food to the guest. While he ate he talked with her about her experience in the camp. She told him joyously that her mother's father and all his family and band had been very kind to her and had been hospitable, though not so kind, to her brother.

But when Hardy casually inquired whether Redbear had left the camp at the same time as Vandervyn, the girl's flow of conversation came to an abrupt stop. She blushed and stammered and became so painfully shy and confused that Hardy considerably feigned drowsiness.

CHAPTER XII.

His Duty.

At dawn Hardy was roused by Ti-wa-konza with a greeting as friendly as it was dignified, though Hardy had to surmise its meaning from the chief's expression. Olanna was already out of bed, helping with breakfast. While

He Faced Them as Coolly and Quietly as if They Were His Own Party.

There must have been a mistake in interpretation, or the chiefs did not hear aright. I had only peace and friendship in my heart. I said that I did not blame the killing of Mr. Nogen on the tribe."

This statement failed to break Thunderbolt's mask of stolidity, though some of the other Indians slightly relaxed their menacing attitude. Hardy took off his hat to show the red scar above his temple, and spoke again:

"I do not blame the killing of Mr. Nogen on the tribe; nor do I blame the tribe for the wrongdoing of the bad-headed Indian who shot me in the head five days ago. The same man, or another man with a bad heart, tried to shoot me, after sundown today, as I came up the trail over on the other side of the broken-topped mountain."

Olanna's interpretation was met by a natural "Ugh!" or surprise even from the chief. He asked shrewdly: "If the Longknife does not lie, is he not afraid to be in my camp? It is the nearest to the trail."

Hardy smiled and held out his open palm to the chief. "I trust Ti-wa-konza and his people. There is only one bad Indian, and even he may come to feel good in his heart toward me when he learns that I am the friend of the tribe."

Still the old chief's face remained inscrutably immobile. He pondered, and at last made another sharp query: "The Longknife claims that he is a friend. Why, then, did he say at the council that he was the enemy Nogen did and make my people dig stones and dirt from the big holes, without giving them any trade goods for their work?"

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He served her grandfather and the guest. Hardy suggested that she go with him to the mine, where they probably would find Marie and the rest of the party. Reluctant as was Ti-wa-konza to part with his half-white granddaughter, he ordered her pony brought in and saddled. When she explained to Hardy that the mine was only a mile away across the mountain, he declined the offer of a saddleless mount, took ceremonious leave of the old chief and set out up the mountain-side with the girl and a young Indian guide.

Hardy noted the bearings and distances of all prominent points around him with the eye of one well trained in the art of topography. A quarter-hour brought the little party to the top of the low mountain. Before them, the far side of the mountain pitched down a steep and rocky incline into a narrow valley. The silent Indian guide pointed to a terrace midway down the descent. From amidst the pines was rising a cloud of blue-black smoke.

Soon Olanna pointed out a cabin among the pines. They were, within fifty yards of it when Vandervyn and Dupont came out of a hole in the cliff-end of a spurridge near the cabin, and stood staring at the newcomers in undisguised astonishment. Hardy swerved and hastened toward them, his eyes bright and cold. The two men glanced at one another and advanced to meet him halfway.

Dupont was the first to speak: "By God, Cap, we sure are mighty glad to see you agin all safe and sound! Thought you'd gone and lost yourself on that cursed mountain. The piece are back there now, looking for you."

"And you two are here, I see," dryly rejoined Hardy.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Hardy," replied Vandervyn, his eyes flashing with quick anger. "You told me to go ahead and guard Marie."

"I added for you to send the police around to flank the assassin."

Vandervyn drew himself up stiffly. "You have my word, sir, that I heard nothing of that."

"In common decency, you might have returned to see what had become of me," returned Hardy.

Dupont hastened to interpose: "Mr. Van got the idea you meant us to rush Marie through here to the mine, where she'd be safe. So we left out fast as we could. The piece found your mare, but lost your trail up in the rocks. First thing this morning we sent the whole bunch back to trail you."

The honest bluntness of Dupont's tongue-his straightforward statement, unadorned by flattery—hardly needed. "Very well, I could not expect that either of you would trouble to go back for me."

"Just the same, we would've, Cap, you can bet your life on it—only on account of Marie and—"

The trader turned a dubious glance on Olanna, and remarked: "I see you stumbled onto old Thunderbolt's camp."

"I did," said Hardy, and he smiled. "Thanks to Miss Olanna. I was able to make myself better understood than when her brother acted as interpreter. I have reason to believe that she actually misinterpreted what I said to the chiefs."

"By God!" swore Dupont. "That old Thunderbolt is a deep one. Just like him to try to throw you off the track by laying it all on Charlie."

"At least, as sure as the Jake," broke in Vandervyn. "You remember, Charlie was scared stiff. He may have become muddled."

"Well, maybe that had part to do with it. Just the same, you can't tell me the whole tribe didn't sort. Look at the way they've twice tried to pit Cap and—getting Charlie last night."

"Charlie?" gasped Olanna. "You say—"

"Oh, Mr. Dupont, he's not—not."

"No—buck up," brusquely replied Vandervyn. "He was only slipped through the arm. He will be all right in a few days."

RILEY EASY TO UNDERSTAND

For That Reason There is a Class That Refuses to Recognize Him as a Great Poet.

Widely enjoyed and beloved, the poetry of James Whitcomb Riley will probably always in our lifetime encounter a species of objections in the minds of many Americans. His poetry sings. Its force is emotional. Its sincere charm is absolute, and depends not at all on being something like something else—on the audience's recollection of Greek verse, or familiarity with Japanese art, or impressionistic landscape. To the kind of reader for whom a recognizable, musical idea limits, instead of greatly liberating the communicative faculty of poetry, to the kind of reader who thinks of poetry as a species of mere tight-minded and egotistic prose, to the kind of reader who is worried by poets who will not give him, so to speak, any reliable literary references for their inspiration—to such American readers as these James Whitcomb Riley's poetry must always seem all wrong and misguided. Anyone can understand his songs. People have always been cutting them out of the newspapers and reciting them at ice-cream socials and church benefits. They are a part of the national consciousness.—New Republic.

No Danger.

"I ought to go and see a doctor, but I'm afraid he'll order me to give up smoking." "Don't let that worry you. I know a doctor who owns stock in the tobacco trust."

Takes the Place of Sugar.

A wild herb growing in Paraguay is much sweeter than sugar and is used by the natives for that purpose.

Chinese Theaters.

Many Chinese theaters charge no admission, but depend entirely on the profits from the sale of drinks and food products. These playhouses are on the order of cafes, tables being provided and tea and native delicacies served.

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"All right? O-oh, thank you!" sighed the girl.

In the stress of the moment she forgot that they were not alone. She held out her arms to him and looked up into his face, her soft eyes beaming with love and adoration.

He frowned, and his voice grated with harshness: "Don't be a fool! He's in the cabin. Miss Dupont is taking care of him. Go and thank her, not me."

Tears rushed into the girl's eyes. She drooped her head and slunk away as if Vandervyn had struck her. Hardy's face became like iron.

"Mr. Vandervyn," he admonished, "do not let me again hear you speak to any woman in that tone."

Vandervyn shrugged. "The chivalrous cavalier! Have it your own way. Now I suppose you'll go in and worry her and rag Charlie into a fever about bullying up his interpretation at the council."

"As for that—," began Hardy. He stopped short and raised his hat. Marie had come out of the cabin, and was hastening forward to greet him, her beautiful face radiant.

"Captain!" she called. "You're here really here, safe and unhurt!"

"Thanks to Miss Redbear," replied Hardy.

"But how could Olanna—surely she did not help you escape the murderer?"

"No. It was easy enough to dislodge the fellow. The difficulty was to track

him among those rocks. Soon lost him and myself also."

"And he escaped to shoot Charlie—the wolf! The poor boy was tracking a deer over on the ridge half a mile or so this way."

"All's well that ends well," Hardy assured her. "I'm here, unhurt, as you see; Redbear, I understand, has only a slight wound, and the old chief now knows that I am a friend of the tribe. He will call a council to meet us here tomorrow."

"A council—here?" queried Vandervyn.

"Why not?" demanded Hardy, fixing him with his keen glance. "Could there be a more suitable place for a tribal council than at the mine—which has been the source of all the recent trouble on this reservation?"

"Non d'un chien!" muttered Dupont. "What's that breed-girl gone and blabbed?"

"Nothing," rejoined Hardy. "She has done no more than interpret between the head chief and myself. I have learned all about Nogen's dishonesty and his harshness to the tribe. It is well that you and Mr. Vandervyn tried to induce him to be more just, else I should order you both off the reservation for lying to me."

"Lying? What do you mean by that?" blustered Dupont.

"The word is explicit," said Hardy. "Mr. Vandervyn, take your hand from your holster. Miss Dupont, I



## PARTY DRESSES and DANCING PUMPS

**LADIES**—Don't forget as the season for parties is near at hand, that we are carrying some beautiful party dresses. They are of taffeta and net and are lace and ribbon trimmed, and very good style. We have them in the most delicate shades of pink, green and blue.

No trouble at all to show these goods, so please come in and look over our stock.

I am also carrying a line of very pretty and comfortable dancing pumps, in kid, soft flexible soles in greys, champagne, black and tobacco brown, and we have silk hose to match most of the shades.

I also have a good line of satin pumps in the light shades, with silk pompons to adorn the toe of them.

### Our New Year Greeting:

We are feeling pretty good over the large increase in business that has come to us during the past year. This has come about because of the fact that we have given you what you want at the lowest possible prices. Hundreds tell us that they appreciate what this store is doing for them, and right here let us say that

### We Thank You for Your Patronage

for we too have been benefitted—your patronage has given us a profit with which we are satisfied—we don't want the Earth.

Wishing you all a Happy and Prosperous New Year, we are yours to a cinder,

**Frank Dreese**

The yellow store on the hill opp. the jail.

### Crawford Avalanche

O. P. Schumann, Editor and Proprietor.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:**  
One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months......75  
Three Months......40

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, DEC. 28

### Looking a Year Ahead.

What will the year 1917 mean to this town, to this community, to this people?

What will be your personal attitude toward the making of a better town, a more prosperous community, a more open-hearted people?

The efforts of the individual citizen may accomplish something. The co-operation of a collective people will produce notable results.

Collective co-operation is only possible where confidence and good will exist, and where there is a determination to utilize this combination to the ultimate good of all.

The man who holds a grudge against his neighbor can not successfully pull in harness with that neighbor so long as that grudge exists. Lose the grudge.

The man who disparages and undermines the reputation of another can not expect the community in general to think well of the assassin of character. Speak gently and use the soft pedal.

The man who says "go ahead" can not expect to keep pace with the hustler who says "come on." Step lively and get there.

And one man who says "I will" is worth a hundred of those who say "I can't."

This is the time of year when the hopper of time is filled with new resolutions. But it is more profitable to act than to resolve.

Let us make this a year of action, of deeds, and of results.

Let us make this more than a collection of individuals. Let us make it a community of people with one aim, one ambition, and one great purpose

in life, and let us make that purpose the good of man and womanhood in general and of this community in particular.

If we work collectively and earnestly and energetically we will achieve success, but if we labor individually we will accomplish but little.

The road of life is long, and stormy, and barriers bar our way. But many hands make light work of the heaviest burdens, and collective might roll the heaviest barriers away.

We may each pursue our own chosen vocations, and yet all labor in the common cause of a better and more prosperous town and countryside.

Two horses pulling in one direction will get the load there. But when one pulls and the other balks the load stands still.

Will 1917 find us a community of loyal pullers, or a divided aggregation of pullers and balkers who accomplish nothing but to stand still?

Shall we stand, or shall we march? You tell.

### Don't Neglect The Kidneys.

Do you take a kidney tablet once in a while, the same as you do a cathartic? If you don't, you should, because the kidneys are blood filterers and need cleaning themselves the same as your bowels. Dr. Navaun's Kidney Tablets are for this purpose and are for sale at Mr. Lewis' store. Samples will be sent on request by the Botanic Drug Co., Detroit, Mich.

### Catarah Cannot be Cured.

with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarah is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarah Medicine is taken internally and acts on the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarah Medicine was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best medicines known, combined with some of the best blood-purifiers. The perfect combination of ingredients in Hall's Catarah Medicine is what produces such wonderful results in catarah conditions. Send for testimonial, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., To disp. O. All Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## Correspondence.

### Frederic News.

Yes, regular old winter weather.

C. S. Barber lost a \$250.00 horse last Saturday.

Sam Smally and F. D. Griffin each lost a horse last week.

Xmas come and gone again. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves.

The home talent play given by the High school was fine, but a small crowd out—not advertised enough.

Our meat market looks more as if Mr. Sach had returned again. Good luck to you Sid.

The American house is open again to the public. It looks good to see it lively around there again. J. W. Burke is the new proprietor.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Burch are cooking at the American house.

Mrs. Boyer of Cadillac is visiting her mother, Mrs. Layman and sister, Mrs. E. V. Barber.

Do not forget "Oysters" for New Year's at Barber's meat market.

AuSable.

### Eldorado Nuggets.

Where's Fred Hartman? This was the question most asked about here last Thursday. When the truth was learned as to his whereabouts, it became known that he had gone very quietly to Grayling and married one of our most popular young ladies, Miss Sarah Williams, who has been visiting there for the past few weeks.

Many friends hear join in wishing the young people a long and happy life together.

Mrs. Geo. Hartman made a business trip to Grayling last Friday, returning Saturday.

Miss Elizabeth Kranz of Alba is spending the holidays with friends here.

Miss Lucile Knight of Butman, Miss Rose Hanson of Byron, Miss Maude Pearsall of Trenton, Miss Elsie Hollowell of Big Rapids, and Messrs. Geo. Pearsall, Jr., of Ithaca, Ralph Hollowell of Detroit, Elmer, James and Harvey Hansen of Saskatchewan, Canada, are all home for the holidays.

Mrs. Fairbottom of Grayling is spending Christmas with her own and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. James Williams.

Miss Frances Wehnes is home from her school at Keno for the holiday week.

Mrs. Waldo B. Kellogg, accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. Henry Orians of Chicago, left Friday for Mrs. K's old home at Blissfield.

Harry and Burton Williams were home from Grayling to spend Christmas.

Henry and Charles Scott had the good fortune to get two foxes from a den near here, after their dog had hold them.

### Coy-News.

A large crowd attended the Christmas tree and entertainment Saturday evening at Maple Grove school house.

Miss Gladens Newton is spending a few days with Miss Dora Nolin.

Miss Elsie Hollowell, who has been attending school at Big Rapids returned home Friday to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hollowell.

Miss Margaret Elliott of Eldorado, spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Marguerite Scott.

Miss Lucile Knight, who has been teaching in Roscommon county returned home Saturday to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wellman Knight.

Miss Nancy McGillis came home Thursday from Flint.

Geo. and Maude Pearsall returned home for a short visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Pearsall.

Ralph Hollowell returned home from Detroit and is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hollowell.

Carrie McGillis came home from Deward Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Overmyre spent Thursday evening with Oliver B. Scott and family.

Wm. Elliott was a caller at the farm home of Oliver B. Scott and family Sunday.

Frank Richardson went to West Branch with his car and from there to the southern part of Roscommon county after his daughters, Helen and Lucile Knight, where he found some pretty deep snow. The radiator showed snow for them and they used about 20 gallons of gasoline and then laid out by a bon fire from 10:00 until 4:00 o'clock in the morning. They managed to get home in the afternoon without any more mishaps and pretty well tired out.

### Notice.

The tax roll for the year 1916 is now on hand. I will be at my home every Friday up to Jan. 10 to receive taxes.

Hans Christenson, Treas.

Beaver Creek Twp.

### Nervous Women.

When the nervousness is caused by constipation, as is often the case, you will get quick relief by taking Chamberlain's Tablets. These tablets also improve the digestion. Obtainable everywhere.

### How Old Will You Be At Fifty.

Will you be 50 years old or 50 years young? Kidney troubles make many a person old, when really they should be young. Don't be one of the old. Take a kidney tablet as you would a cathartic. Dr. Navaun's kidney tablets are best, 50c at your druggist, A. M. Lewis.

## TRADE BRIEFS

Greece is in the market for type writer supplies.

There is a market for wheat, sugar, coal and sulphate of copper in the Malaga district, Spain.

Argentina's rice crop for 1917 promises to be a record one. The government has provided for its milling.

Gas plants in several of the smaller Italian cities have been forced to shut down because of the shortage of coal.

Finnish capitalists are financing a new line of steamships to make direct sailings from Finnish to South American ports.

White pine suitable for making butter boxes is needed in New Zealand. The domestic supply of white pine is rapidly becoming exhausted.

Copper ranked first in Alaska's shipments to this country in the fiscal year 1916, reaching a total of 117,000,000 pounds, valued at \$26,500,000.

Bolivian merchants are interested in portable houses, school furniture, barbed wire, wire mosquito netting and wireless field installations.

Half of last year's orange crop from the Malaga district, Spain, went to London. The crop amounted to 100,000 boxes, the New York Sun says.

Norwegian dealers favor American hardware and Consul Charles Forman suggests that American exporters establish agencies in Bergen or Christiania.

It has been discovered that Datura alba, a plant growing in abundance throughout the Philippines, contains a large amount of atropine. The plant is not cultivated on the islands, but American drug manufacturers are ordering large quantities of the leaves.

## FACTS NOT WORTH KNOWING

Taking a bath in a damp bathtub is liable to lead to a serious cold.

Any dents in cut's foot jelly can be easily eradicated by massaging.

No actant use has ever been found for the ceiling of a room. It's no good for dancing on.

The security at the bottom of a lemon meringue pie isn't nearly so picturesque as the top.

When applying for a position remember that 27,007 recommendations isn't much of a recommendation at all.

Although whitewashing a cellar isn't much fun, still you can't get unburned if the house has a thick roof on it.

In the majority of cases an egg that is bad at one end is liable to exert considerable influence with the other end also.

A rather chic effect can be imparted to the country chateau by tarring the lawn neatly in the center with a cross-cut saw.—Detroit Free Press.

## QUIPS

Love at first sight sometimes never gets a chance for another look.

In fishing for compliments it is sportsmanlike to return the undersized ones.

Happiness is generally a matter of tense; either of the past or the future.

The man who buys his friends must guard against the fluctuations of the market.

Even in the hottest weather some people are always ready to kindle a flame of resentment.

The self-made man may have plenty of dough, but that doesn't necessarily mean he is well bread.

## THOUGHTS IN PASSING

There's nothing so cheap as a cheap man.

And many a married man is entitled to a hero medal.

Even a woman's club isn't expected to hit what it aims at.

A husband is merely a man who stays at home and earns money to pay the bills of his wife's splash at the seashore.

## POPULAR SCIENCE

Coffee beans are sorted not only for size, but for color.

Czar Nicholas of Russia has a watch made from scraps of metal and china.

A mammoth oil-driven harvester that is being tried on Australian wheat fields strips about sixty acres a day.

Glass that will not splinter when broken is being made in France by pressing together under heat two sheets of glass with a sheet of celluloid between them.

## FROM THE PENCIL'S POINT

Nothing is quite so foolish as an angry fool.

No man ever thinks he is as homely as he really is.

In after years a young man's bump of conceit becomes a dent.

Beware of the man who makes a specialty of making excuses.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS

When a sculptor makes a cast he fishes for fame.

It is sometimes difficult to bring a girl of the period to a stop.

A painful silence is unknown to men—but women know about it.

A hotellike hotel is the kind a married man usually tries to avoid.

After a girl marries she loses interest in curl papers and fairy stories.

Small favors are thankfully received and often unthankfully remembered.

The ocean of life is filled with breakers; that's why so many men go broke.

Don't think for a minute that actors and actresses kiss every time they make-up.

All man's best deeds and all of his worst may be attributed to a woman's influence.

Gold is said to be so malleable that it can be beaten as thin as the ham in a railway sandwich.

There is less wear and tear on a woman's mind than on a man's probably because she changes it oftener.

If a rich man tell you that the greatest happiness is to be found in poverty, remind him of what David said in his haste.—Chicago Daily News.

## QUIET THOUGHTS

Schools for scandal are somewhat crowded.

Struggling to get rich keeps many a man poor.

Nothing ever takes such a hard fall out of worry as hard labor.

Once in a great while a cook gets contrary and refuses to quit.

You can save a lot of carfare by letting your thoughts travel for you.

No man ever got a pain in his back from carrying his neighbor's burdens.

Some men are so mean that they even refuse to let their wives have the last word.

Many a conservative man loses his money on a sure thing because he is afraid to take chances.

Comparatively few people remain in the self-satisfied class after they once get acquainted with themselves.

No doubt more young men would be able to earn their own living if they did not have rich and foolish fathers to support them.

## HUMAN NATURE

Pessimists thrive on disappointments.

The hog is a squealer, but he never gives anything away.

A man never respects a woman who doesn't respect herself.

Some men grieve two dollars' worth over each dollar they lose.

Every man is generous to a fault—if it happens to be a fault of his own.

The druggist would rather sell a pound of cure than an ounce of prevention.

The barber always tells a hair-raising story when he tries to sell a bottle of his tonic.

# Genuine Appreciation

**To Our Friends and Patrons:** As the year 1916 passes into history we desire to extend to you these few and simple words of genuine appreciation of your splendid support during the past twelve months:

No purchase has been too small to merit our warmest thanks. No act of courtesy to us has been overlooked. All have their place in the green spot of our memory.

We extend to you the warmest greetings of the season, and bespeak for you and those dear to you the ultimate measure of happiness and prosperity during the coming year and the years to follow.

May fortune deal as kindly to you in the future as you have dealt with us in the past, is our earnest wish.

## Salling, Hanson Co.

THE PIONEER STORE

WE SELL EVERYTHING

### Notice.

We are making a special \$1.75 offer of a year's subscription to The Avalanche and to four standard magazines. This offer is open to all new or old subscribers. By subscribing to The Avalanche now you get \$1.55 worth of magazines for only 25c extra. The magazines are all high class and will make a valuable addition to the library of any home. We want to call your attention also to the free dress pattern—that is given to each subscriber.

Subscribe for the Avalanche.

ESTABLISHED 1723

**O'Connell Freres**

Largest Fur Manufacturers in the World

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR

**RAW FURS**

Ship your furs to us. We pay all express and mail charges. Write for our price list.

453 West 28th St. New York

## WANTS

Advertisements will be accepted under this heading at the rate of 5 cents per line. No adv. taken for less than 15 cents. There are about six words to the line. SEND MONEY WITH THE ORDER.

FOR SALE—Good work horse. Wgt. 1450 lbs. C. S. Barber Frederic, Mich. 12-28-4

FOR SALE—Six room house, McClellan St., fourth house south of hospital. Easy terms. J. M. Bunting, Phone 713.

FURNISHED ROOM for rent, suitable for gentlemen. Nice location. Mrs. H. Hanson. Phone 331. 12-27-4

FOR SALE—Cutler and pair of one-horse light bobs. L. J. Kraus.

LOST—Milk bottle carrier. Finder please notify Avalanche office, John Roenspies.

Good for Constipation. Chamberlain's Tablets are excellent for constipation. They are pleasant to take and mild and gentle in effect. Obtainable everywhere.

## HISTORIC SCENES IN OLD NEW ENGLAND



Scene of The Battle of Bloody Brook in Deerfield, Mass.

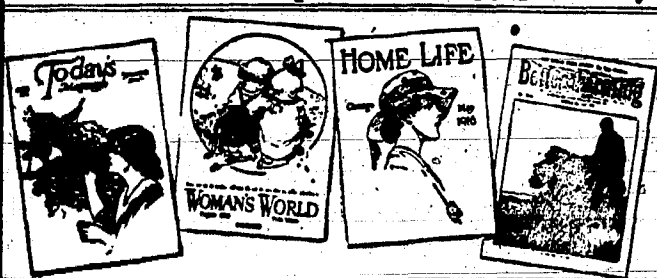
In passing through South Deerfield, Mass., across the historic old stream called Bloody Brook, a name derived from the frightful massacre by which occurred there on the 18th of September, 1675. In those days King Philip, sachem of the Pawnee tribe of Indians, was on the warpath. He had so terrified the settlers of the Connecticut River Valley that they had been ordered abandoned.

In abandoning Deerfield the settlers had left in the fields of newly harvested grain, and it was in quest of these needed stores that Captain Lathrop, with a troop of eighty men, proceeded to Deerfield from the town of Hadley, twenty miles south. The grain was so plentiful that the party was some six miles out of the settlement of Deerfield when they were suddenly placed there by the stream. The stream was bordered by thick woods, and tradition relates that the men were so terrified by the wild grapes which abounded, that they were quickly and completely overwhelmed by the hordes of Indians estimated at 700 or more men in Captain Lathrop's command not more than a few minutes after they had been ambushed. Of the eighty men only a few were left alive.

Two other scouting squads of Englishmen which were sent to the vicinity hurried to the scene upon hearing of the disaster. They found the bodies of their comrades might be seen in the stream where the disaster occurred.

A monument now marks the scene of this horrible massacre, and the stream where the disaster occurred is known to this day as Bloody Brook.

**\$1.75 FOUR MONTHLY MAGAZINES \$1.75**  
And Our Paper—All One Year



### Get The Most For Your Money

By taking advantage of this remarkable offer now, you make a cash saving of \$1.00. You get a year's subscription to our paper and to these four splendid magazines—a total value of \$2.85 for only \$1.75.

This offer is open to old and new subscribers. If you are already a subscriber to any of these magazines, your subscription will be extended one year from date of expiration.

This offer also includes a FREE dress pattern. When you receive your first copy of Today's, select any dress pattern you desire, send your order to Today's Magazine, giving them the size and number of the pattern and they will send it to you free of charge.

Never before has any newspaper been able to offer magazines of such high character at this price. We are proud of this offer and we urge you to take advantage of it at once.

**\$1.75 Send Your Order Before You Forget It \$1.75**  
The Magazine Will Stop Promptly When Time Is Up

Want Ads for Results



## We Value Your Friendship

Without friendship and confidence no business can succeed.

To the fact that we have been so fortunate as to command and hold your friendship, do we attribute the success that has been ours.

For your confidence we wish to express our gratitude; for your generous support and patronage, our sincere thanks.

With the assurance that in the years to come we will strive to increase your friendship and more fully merit your support, I am

Your friend,

**A. M. LEWIS, DRUGGIST**

We use the highest quality Drugs and the utmost care in Compounding Prescriptions

## Local News

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, DEC. 28

A. M. Lewis visited his wife in Newberry over Christmas.

Alfred Jacobson of Detroit was a guest at the Peter Nelson home over Xmas.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Scrivner are spending the holidays in the southern part of the State.

Miss Lillie Fischer, who teaches at Johannesburg, is spending the holiday vacation at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Game are entertaining the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Richardson of Marion.

John Brown returned last Friday from Lapeer, where he had been attending the funeral of his grandfather.

Miss Dorothy Pond, who is attending a school in Lansing, is spending the holidays with her parents here, arriving last Friday.

Taxes are now due and the rolls for the collection of state and county taxes are now at the Bank of Grayling, ready to receive payments.

Sam Joseph of Detroit spent Christmas and the fore part of this week with his father, H. Joseph and family and his brother, Abe Joseph.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Shoemaker and daughter, Dorothy are spending the week here with Mrs. Shoemaker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Woodfield.

New Year's Resolution: I will be more careful in the grade of coffee and tea I drink and will save money by trading at the Grayling Coffee and Tea store.

The Michigan Central is building a new office building at the round house to take the place of the small building that has long since been outgrown. It is about finished.

Mrs. Chas. Sullivan and daughter, Marcella left Saturday for Onaway to visit relatives and friends over the holidays. Mr. Sullivan spent Xmas in Onaway returning home Tuesday.

I wish to thank one and all for their generous patronage during the past year. I shall endeavor to show my appreciation by continuing to give the best service possible. C. J. Hathaway.

Misses Alta and Helen Reagan and Francis Reagan all of Detroit and Mayton Reagan and family of Bay City arrived during the latter part of the week to spend Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Reagan.

## Our Coal Business Is Growing

and the reason for that is because the people of Grayling have been liberal with their patronage.

We want you to know that we are grateful and trust that we will continue to be worthy of the support you are so generously giving us.

**City Coal Yards**

Phone 713

J. M. BUNTING, Prop'r.

Lorne J. Douglas of Saginaw visited his wife here Christmas.

Waldemar Olson is spending the holidays with his parents.

Miss Edna Brown was home from Saginaw over Christmas day.

Miss Mollie Johnson of Saginaw spent Xmas with her parents here.

1916 taxes are now payable. Pay before January 10 to escape extra per cent.

Axel Jorgenson is home from Detroit to spend a short vacation with his parents.

Miss Ellvira Rasmussen entertained a few friends very nicely at her home last evening.

A baby son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Lauridsen on Sunday, December 24th.

Taking a drink during working hours often times stands in the way of a raise in salary.

Miss Florence Countryman of Boyne City is spending a few days at the Wm. McNeven home.

Edmond Shanahan came home from Lansing last Saturday to visit his parents and friends over Christmas.

There will be a regular meeting of Grayling Chapter O. E. S. No. 83 on Wednesday evening, Jan. 3 at 7:30.

At an election of officers of Grayling Company U. R. K. of P. Capt. W. H. Case and all the other officers were re-elected.

Mr. R. M. Bell, Miss Francis Bell and Mrs. M. Enle all of Bay City, spent Christmas with George E. Smith and family.

You can get four standard magazines one year for 25 cents extra by renewing your subscription to the *Avalanche*.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Peck spent Christmas at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Harry Wright, at the Military reservation.

Miss Florence Smith of Reading, Mich., is spending her Christmas vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Smith.

Miss Cornelia Meistrup is entertaining a number of young ladies this afternoon at a miscellaneous shower to honor, Mrs. John W. Pettit, formerly Miss Elsie Salling.

While the edition was not a special Christmas edition, the Grayling *Avalanche* presented a very fine appearance this week with some excellent Christmas ads.—Rogers City Advertiser.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Pond of Bay City are visiting their sons, Frank and Harry and families over Christmas and New Years. They moved to Bay City during last summer and both like that city very much.

The annual ball of the Loyal Order of Moose will be held at Temple theatre New Year night. Everything is in readiness for the big party. The decorations promise to eclipse anything ever shown in Grayling. Electrical effects will share largely in the embellishments. Music will be furnished by Clark's orchestra.

During the latter part of the week, the following returned home from schools and colleges to enjoy the holiday vacation: Miss Margaret and Louie Joseph from Milwaukee Normal; Miss Helen Bauman, from Lassell Seminary; Harry Connine, U. of M.; Stanley Insley, Notre Dame; Robert Robin and Will J. Lauder, M. A. C.

The civic and program committees of the Mother's Club wish to thank Mr. Bundgaard, the Boy Scouts, R. Hanson & Sons, Mayor Petersen, Miss Pearsall and school children, the band, the choir of the three churches, the Grayling Electric Co. and any other persons who contributed their interest, ability or money to make our municipal tree a success.

St. Mary's church held their Christmas tree, the first in several years, last Sunday afternoon. The program of songs, and dialogues was well rendered by the little folks, and immediately afterwards Santa Claus appeared and distributed to them stockings filled with goodies, which caused much merriment. The occasion ended with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. There were quite a large number present, especially children.

The Grayling Advance was purchased last week from Forest A. Lord by F. H. Wilson & Son, the deal being consummated last week Thursday.

This newspaper was established early in January of 1912 by Mr. Lord. During the past year he has been associated with the Michigan Gleaner, published at Detroit, as managing editor. Mr. Wilson was for many years the foreman of the Herald-Times of Gaylord, until about three months ago when he and his son, Glenwood, leased the Advance, since which time they have had charge. We wish the new proprietor's good luck. Mr. Lord will continue in his new field of work, wherein he is making a fine record.

Pathey Riess left this afternoon for Grand Rapids to attend the funeral of the beloved Bishop H. J. Richter, who died Tuesday afternoon. The funeral will take place at 9:30 a. m. Friday from St. Andrew's Cathedral. Bishop Richter was the first bishop of the Grand Rapids diocese and practically ordained all the priests belonging to this diocese. He was 73 years of age. He made many trips to this city where he confirmed many of the children and also the grown-up people. Universal sorrow prevails throughout the diocese and especially among his devoted priests, for Bishop Richter was truly a "Father" to them all. Coadjutor Bishop M. J. Gallagher now assumes the high position as the head of the diocese. In the place of the venerable bishop.

Emil Giegling spent Christmas at his home in Manistee.

C. E. Bingham and family spent Christmas in Bay City.

Miss Bertha Sorenson is spending the week at her home here.

Miss Laura Simpson is home from Laurium, Mich., for the holidays.

Mrs. C. T. Jerome returned home today from a few days' visit in Saginaw.

Miss Elsie Jorgenson of Detroit spent Christmas Day at her home here.

Dan Mosher came home from Flint Saturday to spend Xmas with his wife.

Dr. and Mrs. Keyport enjoyed a visit of the former's parents over Christmas.

Will Wingard is spending the holiday vacation at the farm home of his uncle, Chas. Corwin near Rosecommon.

Miss Celia Blitake was a guest of the Misses Cassidy Christmas day en route from Detroit to her home in Cheboygan.

Mrs. David Montour and two youngest daughters left yesterday morning to visit her parents at Standish during the school vacation.

Lee, Jeff and Ira Fogelson of Flint arrived Sunday morning to spend Xmas with their parents. They were accompanied here by Guy George also of Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Pettit arrived here Sunday morning from Detroit to spend Xmas with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Salling. Mr. Pettit returned Monday night to Detroit, but Mrs. Pettit expects to remain for several days.

Lieut. Hardin Sweeney received the latter part of last week as a Christmas gift a beautiful sabre. It bore the following inscription, and goes to show the high esteem in which he is held by his comrades: "Hardin Sweeney, From his Comrades, Fort Ward, December 1916."

Mrs. A. Kraus and family are entertaining the following over the holidays: Mrs. M. B. Weingard and three children of Saginaw, Mrs. Samuel Pollack and two children, and Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Collier and daughter of Detroit. Willford Cohen was a guest at the Kraus home Christmas day.

The newly elected officers of Grayling lodge F. & A. M. were duly installed last night as follows: Worshipful Master, Elmer Matson; Senior Warden, Frank Sales; Junior Warden, Charles Abbott; Senior Deacon, A. L. Foster; Junior Deacon, George N. Olson; Tyler, A. B. Failing; Secretary, John J. Niederer.

The marriage of Miss Anna Jensen of Detroit, and Mr. L. C. Bundgaard of this city will occur at Grant, Michigan this evening. Rev. and Mrs. Kjehede of this city, Miss Margaret Hemmingson and John B. Rosenstand left yesterday to be in attendance, the latter two to officiate as bridesmaid and groomsmen respectively.

Mrs. Louise B. Niles and son, Arthur H. Niles, of Ann Arbor, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. O. Palmer. Mr. Niles graduated from the electrical engineering department of the U. of M. last year and now is engaged in the construction of the largest power dam in the state, located at Wellston, on the Manistee river. He was for several years a student in Grayling high school.

The Danish Lutheran church held their Christmas tree exercises at Danebod hall Tuesday evening. Speaking and singing by the little folks was the program for the evening. Later in the evening gifts were distributed, and both Rev. and Mrs. Kjehede entertained the large gathering with short talks. Coffee and other refreshments were served to all during the evening.

The following officers were elected last night: Chancellor, commander, Glen Smith; vice chancellor, J. Fred Alexander; prelate, Emil Giegling; master of arms, Peter Brown; master of exchequer, A. B. Failing; master of finance, Geo. McCullough; keeper of records and seal, A. J. Joseph; innkeeper, T. P. Peterson; outer guard, Benjamin Hardquist.

John D. Brown was born on July 23, 1831, and died Dec. 19, 1916. He served in Co. K, 147 New York Volunteers in the Army of the Potomac for about three years, and came to Crawford county about fourteen years ago from Columbiaville, Lapeer county, and has lived here ever since.

Mr. Brown had been very active, but during the last year he had gradually failed in health and strength, without specific disease, but falling from the effect of age and a strenuous life. He had made his home since the death of his wife about ten years ago with his son, Andrew Brown at Fredonia.

He leaves to survive him a family of three sons and three daughters, Andrew of Frederic, William of Eureka, Calif., and Thomas of Santa Clara, Calif., and Mrs. Alice Savage of Hart, Mich., Mrs. Nellie Quee of Sulphur Rock, Ark., and Mrs. Minnie Rankin at Lewiston, Mich.

He had many friends, and his military record is one of which any man might be proud, and he will be long remembered by his comrades of the Civil war.

**Card of Thanks.**  
We extend our sincere thanks and appreciation to the friends and neighbors who were so kind during our late bereavement.

ANDREW BROWN and family, Frederic, Mich.

## A Greeting

To our many friends and customers we desire to extend the felicitations of the season, wishing for all a pleasant and profitable New Year.

Whatever of success we have enjoyed we can attribute to two causes: First, an earnest desire on our part to meet your every want in our line; second, upon your part a ready appreciation of our efforts and a generous and sustained support and patronage.

For your large share in our success we desire to thank you sincerely, and hoping our relations may ever remain as at present, we are

Yours to Command,

**Grayling Mercantile Co.**

## "At the Michigan Game Reserve."

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Berry of Mayville, Mich., were entertained at the home of A. T. Maxwell and family.

Upon their arrival it was announced that the Berrys and Maxwells were to be feasted at the Michigan Game reserve, about seven miles from Grayling, thru woods and over fields, by Warden Phelps and family.

Sunday morning was heralded by a delightful snowstorm, at the height of which Mr. Phelps' fine team and

hug-bob-sleigh made his appearance at the gate. Embarking upon the beautiful, one-o'clock found the company comfortably seated around the fire place in the Phelps' home. The groans from the overloaded table in the dining room (which were only exceeded by the groans from the eaters later) gave us a welcome call—and such a spread, only as the hostess was capable of preparing. We knew they were glad to see us, or such a meal would never have been set before us. After an hour well spent in the dining room, we enjoyed the balance of the day in a real, good old wholesome style—music and song in which Abe in his exuberance of spirit participated freely.

During the afternoon we were shown the game—consisting of elk, deer, ducks and other things. Returning to the house, the smell of smoke and fire alarmed the party. Upon speedy examination, fire was discovered due to a defect in the fire place, and only for the efficiency of a pressure water system installed by Mr. Phelps himself, and the alertness and presence of mind exhibited by his son Leo, were the flames quickly extinguished with but very slight damage to the property. During the excitement one of the male members was nearly drowned from a pail of water in the hands of one of the female members, while another female member filled the tea kettle with milk.

But saying the visit was enjoyable is putting it very lightly. And the best of all was that the Phelps seemed to appreciate our coming; so we promised we would come again.

Then Christmas with the Maxwells completed the occasion.

—Contributed.

**Subscribe for the Avalanche.**

**TAKING JOY OUT OF LIFE**

Lending your safety razor to the man upstairs.

Being on the calling list of 25 or 30 insurance agents.

Reading a flowery obituary of a man who had owed you \$27 for an equal number of years.

Going on your first automobile ride of the year and blowing out a tire nine miles from home.

Having some kind old lady show a tinsy of you when you were five years of age and wore curls.

Having a next-door neighbor who owns one of those cute little wooly dogs that snap at your shins.

**FROM OUR NEW DICTIONARY**

Gossip—Deadly gas that is often fatal to friendship.

Statistician—A man who can prove that figures always lie.

Hammock—An article good as a spoonholder at a love fe.

Matrimony—A sort of protection o. infant ind es.

Because—Eve's legacy to a daughter as an excuse for the inexcusable.—Indianapolis Star.

Try a package of Dr. Navaun's Kidney tablets. For sale at the A. M. Lewis drug store.

## SAYS THE OWL

A grafter by any other name would still be a thief.

Many a man who calls himself conservative is but a coward.

Save up your pennies and your heirs will blow in your dollars.

A child's first impression is usually made by the maternal slipper.

The average man is unusually polite when he has something to sell.

Old bachelors are men who never gave marriage a serious thought.

Any man who tries to dodge his taxes has no business to banker after fame.

After making a strenuous effort to get out of a rut a man finds himself in a hole.

A nearsighted man has a good excuse for not recognizing his creditors when he happens to meet them.

## SAWED-OFF SERMONS

Even the parson whose sermons are of the long-drawn-out variety is preferable to the sensational grandstand pattern.

Our deepest sympathy is with the man of few words who marries a woman with the continuous monologue habit.

Conceited people would not be so bad if they didn't spend so much time in trying to monopolize the spotlight.

When a woman's bias lies in her ignorance, it is folly for her to read the letters she finds in her husband's pockets.

When trouble comes wabbling along a woman gives way to a flow of tears and a man proceeds to tint the atmosphere blue.—Indianapolis Star.

The Corsicans were as strong patriotically, and as weak agriculturally, as the Mexicans.

A man's first intention is to be fair; while he is in this humor, make him sign a contract.

Eating too much is the pace that kills; and everyone has a chance at it three times a day.

Hope and ambition will not make you a lender after industry, temperance, politeness and fairness have failed.

The history of every political party has been that while it promises reforms next year, it is very extravagant this year.—Ed. Howe of Archison in the Sunday Magazine.



Copyright, 1915, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

## SORENSEN BROS. FURNITURE

Our Hearty Good Wishes to you and your family for a

**Happy and Prosperous New Year**

May the coming year of 1917 be the best year you have ever experienced; may it be rich in happiness and that your cup of sorrow be empty, and finally, at the close, may you be found with a comfortable balance on the right side of your treasury account.

Sincerely yours,

J. W. SORENSON  
GEORGE SORENSON

**Advertising Space in this Paper is a Good Buy for any Business Man**



## The Arrival of the New Year



## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

Better to Make Many and Break Some Than to Have Made None at All.

It's very much the fashion to joke about making New Year's resolutions, but as a matter of fact there is advantage in making resolutions, if they are good ones, and there is no other date except one's birthday anniversary so appropriate for the practice.

That individual must be totally devoid of sentiment who has no sentiment on the subject of New Year. Jokers whose topic is New Year's resolutions lay stress on the fact that many of them are broken. A fact it is—there is no denying it. But not all of them are broken. A man who makes ten New Year's resolutions, every one of them good, and breaks nine, is better off to the extent of the virtue involved in keeping the one to which he adheres than if he made none at all.

For the sake of argument, however, perhaps it may be conceded that making numerous good resolutions at once is open to criticism on the ground that it is harder to attain perfection in many things than in a few things, and that failure, cause discouragement, and that concentration is helpful to success. From this point of view the wise thing for New Year's resolution-makers to do is to survey their failings and frame a few resolutions hitting the high spots.

## SAME OLD BLUFF.

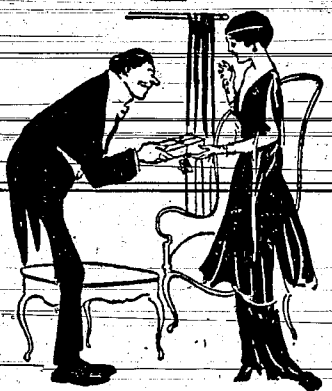


The old year was backing up, preparatory to his departure. "Have you anything to say before you leave?" he was asked. "I don't know that I have. No, I guess not. Unless—" "Yes; go on." "If I had my life over again I would do a whole lot different. I wish I had known then what I know now. I should have—" "That's what they all say. It's old stuff. Good-by."

Forget the Past. The New Year is the best of all times to take mental inventory, and everyone of us should do so. We should forget the past entirely. All the regrets, all the sighs, all the tears that we were, or ever will be, combined, cannot recall one single moment that has passed. Then why waste good time and vitality? Meet the New Year's day with a brave, smiling face. The world stops to take notice of the fighter, and gives him 90 chances out of 100, whereas the whimperer is passed by without a glance. Then let us resolve that the first day of 1917 will see us starting all over again, standing fearlessly in our places; and let us further resolve that during the coming days we will, occasionally, reach out a helping hand to someone who needs it. This is a great resolution to make—a gift-edged investment that pays the highest discount on record.



## THE WAY THEY GO



"New Year's gifts are generally bad business investments." "Why so?" "Because they always go into the hands of receivers."

## NEW YEAR MEMORIES

Oh! for an old-fashioned New Year day, With enjoyments keen and pure, When fun and frolic reigned supreme, Good fellowship the lure.

As we journeyed to the parties, Afoot, perchance by sleigh, The atmosphere seemed laden with Best wishes of the day.

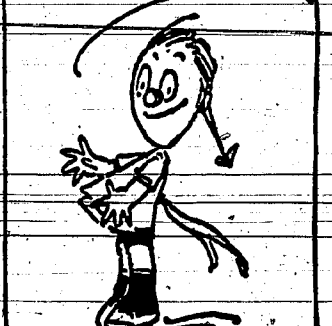
With good old hearty handshakes We knew were welcome grips, Instead of the present method of Just touching the fingertips.

How we merrily danced the lancers, Afoot, perchance by sleigh, And the polka and minuet, And Jolly Virginia reel.

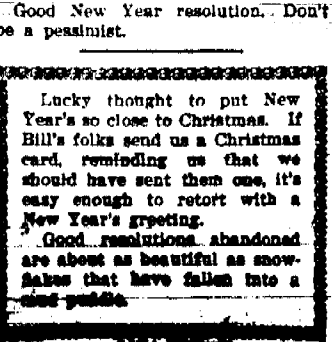
How the young and old enjoyed it Each in his separate way, Youth thinking of the present, Age of the bygone day.

While times and fashions may change, alas, And nature's will obeys, I'll still retain sweet memories of The good old-fashioned ways.

Good New Year resolution. Don't be a pessimist.



To make resolves and keep them—Is what one really ought. But I have always broken mine. And so this year I thought: There's but one resolution—that I can keep—that I can keep—So I've resolved to be as bad as possible all year!



## The Old Order Changeth

By DeLYSLE FERREE CASS

(Copyright)

FIFTEEN minutes of twelve! A brief quarter of an hour later and all the town bells would be madly ringing; the factory whistles would be tooting; horns would shrill raucously; the restless crowds surging aimlessly through the streets would raise voices in the hysterical pandemonium that customarily wakes the dying year into extinction.

"Then," said Myrtle the telephone girl to herself, "then my busy time commences. Every lunatic in town will begin trying to get his or her friends on the wire to yell 'Happy New Year!'—everybody will be wanting their numbers at once and all sore because the telephone company hasn't put in 5,000 extra wires for their special convenience tonight."

The metal loop with the receiver at her ear had grown irksome and heavy on Myrtle's head. Her hand raised to adjust it more comfortably just as one of the little white lights flashed on before her.

"Number please" (plugging the hole) Grand 4354.... What did you say... Yes, I know I have a sweet voice, but my name don't happen to be 'Kiddo'.... There you are."

Just then another light flashed in Myrtle's section.

"Number please.... Interview 4191"

"Thank you.... What?... Oh, I beg your pardon.... 4111."

"Why don't you listen as you're paid to do?" growled back a man's voice over the wire. His articulation was thick, hoarse. Evidently he was laboring under some tremendous strain.

However it is not for the mere telephone operator to resent whatever her provocation.

"4111, thank you," said Myrtle in the same pleasantly modulated tone as before and made the proper connection. But not even then being certain that she had correctly understood the man's thick directions, she cut in on the line to listen for a moment and so forestall further complaints from him.

With the receiver clamped tight to her ear she could hear the phone bell buzzing faintly across the city—in a house, Myrtle judged, because the Riverside exchange lay in the aristocratic residential section. Buzz—Buzz—22—21

Then came a woman's voice—soft, sweet and low.

"Hello.... Oh, is that you, Jim? I had gotten quite anxious about you. I expected you home to dinner tonight. You promised, you know.... And 'Snookums' was so disappointed when I had to tuck him in bed without kissing his papa good night. He was so excited by all the noise on the streets and kept asking me if his bad daddy wouldn't come home early to him on New Year's eve. I really think you might have, Jim, because—"

"Oh, I know! I know!" interrupted the man's voice impatiently, although he evidently was making a strong effort to conceal his distraught condition from her. "Business detained me at the office later than I anticipated, Edna, and afterwards.... afterwards Harry Forbes dropped in and we went out for a bite to eat together."

"But you'll be home right away now, won't you, dear?" pleaded the woman's voice coaxingly. "Please don't stay any later. I've promised 'Snookums' that you'll be home to wish him a Happy New Year while the whistles are still blowing."

"I can't possibly make it now.... there's a big deal we're talking over. 'Jim'—reproachfully—"I thought you assured me you never would double in the market again after that last time when you risked all we had in the world simply on the chance of making a few dollars without really earning it."

"Edna, I—I—" "Jim, your very voice sounds queer. Is something has gone wrong at the office today, has there, dear?"

"No.... No, nothing...." came the man's voice wearily, soothingly. "Don't worry now.... No use any more. Excuse me if I spoke sharply, little girl. I'm tired out—that's all.... Yes, yes.... Good-by, dearest one."

The receiver clicked sharply and the listening Myrtle experienced a sense of physical relief, the exact reason for which she would have been at a loss to explain. How strangely the man had intoned his good-by—almost as if he never expected to be able to say it again to the wife he loved. It was as if—

"Yes, number please.... Oh—" It was the voice of the same man speaking crossly over the wire.

"Get me Grant 6212—quick!" he growled. "I'm in a hurry."

She plugged the proper hole connecting him and listened for a moment.

"Hello! Grant 6212? the Morgue? Well, this is James P. Thornton talking. Yes, J-A-M-E-S Thornton of J. P. Thornton, Inc. I'm about to commit suicide in my office at 1478 Stock Exchange building. If you'll send your men over here within 15 minutes they'll find my body here.... Done!"

"Yes, yes, operator.... That's it, Riverview 4111.... Hello!.... Hello! Is this Mrs. Thornton talking?"

No, you don't know me, but that doesn't matter. You hurry and wake up 'Snookums'; put on all his things and hurry down here to Mr. Thornton's office. He needs you.... Asked me to call you up.... Says he wants to begin a Happy New Year with you and the baby right down here.... You'll come right away.... All right, thank you.... Yes, I'll wait here too.... And just then a deafening racket of horns, whistles and bells burst forth, while hundreds of little white lights began to flash here and there along their great switchboard in the nearby telephone exchange, and the girls' hands flew to the connections. And, as James Thornton slowly revived under the tender, solicitous ministrations of the phone girl and the grimy elevator man, a white light illumined his soul also.

"Where's 'Snookums'?" he queried weakly.

"Life That Is Beautiful. A life need not be great to be beautiful. There may be as much beauty in a tiny flower as in a majestic tree—

A beautiful life is one that fulfills its mission—that is what God made it to be, and does what God made it to do.—James R. Miller.

What shall I say to this bill collector?—wish him a happy New Year."



## BEST MATERIALS FOR BUNGALOW

Method of Construction Always Something That Must Be Given Consideration.

POSSIBLE TO VARY EFFECTS

Two Kinds of Limestone That May Be Employed to Advantage—Sketch Below Shows One That Is More Than Usually Attractive in Appearance.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 122 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

In some parts of the country it is easy to obtain natural materials which may be used to very good advantage in house construction. The principal parts of the house in which natural materials are used are porches and chimneys. Frame houses having stone porches and chimneys are given a substantial look which cannot be obtained in any type of all-wood construction. The kind of stone which should be used will depend partly upon what kind is available and partly upon the preference of the owner.

Trenton and Galena limestone may be used to produce very desirable effects. The bluish tint of the Trenton is preferred by some over the yellow of the Galena. Sandstone has been



## The Ugly Revolver in His Hand.

... Ah! the fourteenth floor at last! Precious moments wasted fumbling with the mechanism of the elevator door.... Then through it and out.... the staccato clatter of little high heels racing down the long, empty corridor to where a blotch of light showed through the transom of Suite 1478.

For a brief second Myrtle's heart suspended its pulsation and she hesitated with her trembling hand outstretched to turn the knob. What if she should find—should find him already the victim of his own mad act—lying there on the richly-carpeted floor of the sumptuously furnished offices with a pool of blood slowly coagulating around the bullet hole in his temple. If—

But Myrtle, the telephone girl, waited to conjecture no longer. She threw her weight against the unlocked door. It gave suddenly and precipitated her inwards coincidentally with her frenzied cry of—

"STOP!"

Man sitting at the long mahogany desk with the ugly revolver already in his hand half started to his feet, his face ashen, stared at this most unexpected intruder, bulge-eyed. He seemed unable to collect his thoughts; only passed his hand over his mouth two or three times, muttering in a half-whispered way: "Who.... who.... what...."

Then he toppled suddenly and fell flat on his face to the floor.

"Dead!" groaned Myrtle, horrified, dropping to her knees beside the inanimate form.

"Now!" granted the elevator man, who just then joined her. "He's fainted—that's all, kid. Better go get me a wet rag to sop his face with. That'll bring him 'round in a jiffy."

But Myrtle was already seated at the adjacent telephone, calling the number she so well remembered:

"Yes, yes, operator.... That's it, Riverview 4111.... Hello!.... Hello! Is this Mrs. Thornton talking?"

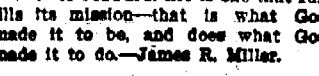
No, you don't know me, but that doesn't matter. You hurry and wake up 'Snookums'; put on all his things and hurry down here to Mr. Thornton's office. He needs you.... Asked me to call you up.... Says he wants to begin a Happy New Year with you and the baby right down here.... You'll come right away.... All right, thank you.... Yes, I'll wait here too.... And just then a deafening racket of horns, whistles and bells burst forth, while hundreds of little white lights began to flash here and there along their great switchboard in the nearby telephone exchange, and the girls' hands flew to the connections. And, as James Thornton slowly revived under the tender, solicitous ministrations of the phone girl and the grimy elevator man, a white light illumined his soul also.

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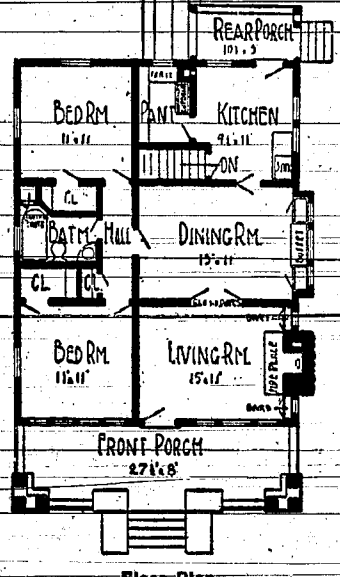
What shall I say to this bill collector?—wish him a happy New Year."



Cobblestones Attractively Employed in the Bungalow.

used in various colors for porch and chimney construction.

Some sandstones have the disadvantage that they are not as durable as might be desired. In localities where large granite boulders are plentiful, blocks of this material may be cut from the stone. These blocks may be used either in regular form and size or in various irregular shapes and sizes. Rough-faced marble is a particularly good material for porch and chimney construction. Cobblestones, used just as they are found, have produced many attractive porches and chimneys on frame houses. The cobblestones should not be too small, and they should be matched in the walls so that the mortar joints will not be so prominent. The color of the mortar will depend upon the kind of stone used and the effect desired. Mortar which is lighter in color than the stone will attract more attention to the porch or chimney than mortar which has been colored to match the stone as nearly as possible. Special



Floor Plan.

attention must be given the mortar in cobblestone construction, because of the necessity of using it in large quantities.

Although the stone may be used in almost any type of house to advantage, there is usually a special distinction given the bungalow by its use. This may be due to the fact that the bungalow as a type is particularly adapted to all kinds of special treatment. There is undoubtedly no type of house which may be finished in as many different ways as the bungalow without changing the effectiveness of its design.

The bungalow shown here has more than the average appeal to those who appreciate the beauty and convenience of this type of house. Special features are evident in this house, both in the exterior and interior design. The sides of the house are finished with wide sliding strips. Large cobblestones are used in the construction of the chimney and the lower part of the porch columns. Heavy timber rails are used on the porch to harmonize with the massiveness of the stone masonry columns. On each corner of the porch there are three wooden columns carried up from the cap of the masonry columns to the beam across the front of the house. The roof is built with intersecting cables. A louvre is set high up under each of the gables. The louvre under the front gable is flanked

on each side by a small window. The ends of rafters and purlins are exposed.

In the living room the most attractive feature is the fireplace, on each side of which a bookcase is built. Small casement windows are placed above these cases. The fireplace may be finished either with brick or with cobblestones similar to those used in the exterior masonry. The living room is a well-lighted room and is sure to be a pleasant part of the house.

Glass doors lead from the living room into the dining room. In this room the attention is immediately attracted to the buffet. A bay is built into the outer wall and the buffet sits into this bay, filling the entire space below the three windows. Since the doors of the buffet are flush with the main wall, no space is taken from the dining room by any projection at this point. The buffet is very much a part of the house in this room and is designed to look well in its surroundings.

The kitchen has an adjoining pantry, which may be used to greatly reduce the work of preparing meals. In this pantry a table is built under the window at the end, a cupboard is built against the wall next to the kitchen and a long shelf extends across the wall opposite the cupboard. The kitchen is large enough to be free from stuffiness and there are three windows to assure plenty of light. By including the pantry as part of the kitchen design, the handiness of a small kitchen is obtained without its stuffy, poorly lighted features. The basement stair is entered from the kitchen.

Two bedrooms are provided on the other side of the house from the rooms already described. The front bedroom is especially pleasant on account of the large number of windows. There are four windows at the front and one at the side in this room. A hall connects the two bedrooms and the bathroom is handily placed midway between them. There is a clothes chute provided in the bathroom. Liberal

## MORE WHEAT, MORE CATTLE, MORE HOGS

Land Values Sure to Advance Because of Increasing Demand for Farm Products.

The cry from countries abroad for more of the necessities of life is acute today; tomorrow it will be still more insistent, and there will be no letup after the war. This is the day for the farmer, the day that he is coming into his own. He is gradually becoming the dictator as it becomes more apparent that upon his industry depends the great problem of feeding a great world. The farmer of Canada and the United States has it within himself to hold the position that stress of circumstances has lifted him into today. The conditions abroad are such that the utmost dependence will rest upon the farmers of this continent for some time after the war, and for this reason there is no hesitation in making the statement that war's demands are, and for a long time will be, inexhaustible, and the claims that will be made upon the soil will with difficulty be met. There are today 25,000,000 men in the fighting ranks in the old world. The best of authority gives 75 per cent and over as having been drawn from the farms. There is therefore nearly 75 per cent of the land formerly "idle" now being "unworked." Much of this land is today in a devastated condition and if the war should end tomorrow it will take years to bring it back to its former producing capacity.

Instead of the farmer producer producing, he has become a consumer, making the strain upon those who have been left to do the farming a very difficult one. There may be agitation as to the high cost of living, and doubtless there is reason for it in many cases. The middleman may boost the prices, combines may organize to elevate the cost, but one cannot get away from the fact that the demand regulates the supply, and the supply regulates the price. The price of wheat—in fact, all grains—as well as cattle, will remain high for some time and the low prices that have prevailed will not come again for some time.

After the war the demand for cattle

not alone for beef, but for stock purposes, to replenish the exhausted herds of Europe, will be keen. Farm educators and advisers are telling you to prepare for this emergency. How much better it can be done on the low-priced lands of today, on lands that cost from ten to twenty dollars per acre, than on an old two-and-three hundred dollar-an-acre land. The lands of Western Canada meet all the requirements. They are productive in every sense of the word. The best of grasses can be grown with abundant yields and the grain can be produced from these soils that beats the world, and the same may be said of cattle and horses. The climate is all that is required.

Those who are competent to judge claim that land prices will rise in value from twenty to thirty per cent. This is looked for in Western Canada, where lands are decidedly cheap today, and those who are fortunate enough to secure now will realize wonderfully by means of such an investment. The land that the Dominion Government is giving away as free homesteads in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are of a high class, they are abundant in every constituent that goes to make the most productive soils. The yields of wheat, oats and barley that have been grown on these lands gives the best evidence of their productiveness, and when backed up by the experience of the thousands of settlers from the United States who have worked them and become wealthy upon them, little more should be required to convince those who are seeking a home, even with limited means, that nowhere can they secure anything that will better equip them to become one of the army of industrialists in taking care of the problem of feeding the world. These lands are free, but to those who desire larger holdings than 160 acres there are the homestead companies and land corporations from whom purchase can be made at reasonable prices, and information can be secured from the Canadian Government agent, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in this paper. Advertiser.

Luminous Insects.

Luminosity is normal in the well-known luminous beetles, including the various fireflies and glow worms, and results naturally from the oxidation of some organic secretion. Other insects are luminous in rare instances. Rev. J. Holroyde, vicar of Patcham, England, lately noted luminous moth larvae, similar to those observed once or twice previously; and the chironomid—a kind of gnat—and the "lantern beetles" of South America are among the creatures sometimes lighted up. The occasional luminosity has been attributed to disease, or decomposition from bacterial infection.

Not Lord Rosebery's Hat.

Lord Rosebery once went into a large London establishment to purchase a new hat. As he stood bareheaded, waiting to be fitted, a bishop entered on the same errand, and mistook the earl for one of the shop's assistants.

"Have you a hat like this?" he asked, showing his own headgear.

Lord Rosebery took it from him and examined it critically. "No," he at length replied, "I haven't a hat like that, and if I had I shouldn't wear it."

Its Usual Fate.

"Here's a new anti-kissing crusade started."

"Well! all the young folks will probably set their faces against it."

Suitable Title.

"I call my yacht the Milkmaid."

"I suppose that is because she skins the waves."



## 2½ Millions Swindle, 500 Victims

The old story again. This time from Philadelphia. Wholesale arrests of wholesale swindlers whose operations put Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford and Blackie Daw completely "in the shade." \$2,500,000, mostly the money of widows and orphans—invested in the worthless stock of some ten wild-cat companies promising wondrous profits—500 victims fleeced of their all. Another "bubble" burst by the United States Federal authorities.

Is there anything that a certain class of men won't do to get easy money? Is there anything the public won't "go into" if the promises are rosy enough?—and without investigating its merits for themselves? Why won't they at least go to their banker and get his expert opinion. He would be glad to advise them.

He will be glad to advise you—concerning the \$100,000 and \$1,000,000 First Mortgage Bond Certificates issued by this company and GUARANTEED by its \$200,000,000 paid-up capital—and every \$1 of investment secured by more than \$2 of actual income producing Detroit real estate—besides.

An investment in which there is ABSOLUTE SAFETY and certainty of 5% interest on your money. (Ask your banker.)

The roster the "promises" the greater the chances. Are they worth it? Your banker, who KNOWS, will tell you. Ask him—then send for our booklet of investment information.

**Urban Realty Mortgage Company**  
46-48 W. Congress Street  
Detroit, Michigan

## HISTORIC CRIMES and MYSTERIES



J. EDGAR MASON

INFATUATION OF MARY BLANDY.

MARY BLANDY does not rank with the great artists in crime, but as an illustration of human perversity she remains supreme. The babes and sucklings of her time have become venerable men and women, and all kinds of water have passed under the bridge, but her name still lives in England, and when old lawyers encounter a peculiarly cold-blooded criminal, they are wont to say that he is as bad as Mary Blandy.

Mary lived with her parents at Henley-on-Thames. Her father was a fine, comfortable man, a solicitor who had a seemingly package of pieces of eight salted down to his old age, and to leave to his beloved daughter when he went to sleep with his fathers. Mary was the joy and pride of his life. He thought so much of her that he used to bore his friends describing her noble and charming qualities, and seemed to be under the impression that she ought to have been presented with a gold-headed cane at least once a day. And, really, the old man was not without excuse, for Mary was a most attractive damsel. She was young, well-educated, of divers accomplishments, and a pleasant personality. The father was justified in believing that she eventually would marry some excellent citizen, and live happily ever after.

If she didn't do this it was not because of a lack of excellent citizens, or a backwardness on their part. Her suitors fairly trampled down all the



Mary's Adamantine Conscience Was Touched.

ness to propose to her, and among them were some of the most desirable and promising young men in the neighborhood. She treated them all as good friends, and turned them down, one after another, when they volunteered to escort her to the altar. In view of what followed it is well to remember that Mary Blandy had her chance to pick and choose from all the beautiful young men of the countryside.

In the fullness of time Captain Cranston came to Henley on recruiting service. The captain was a caricature of a man. He was small and withered, badly pitted with the smallpox, cross-eyed and possessed of a hideous muddy complexion. He was the ugliest thing seen on the main street of the town in many a day. Imagine, therefore, the consternation of the beautiful young men who had been rejected in one-two-three order, when they learned that Cranston was paying his attentions to Mary, and evidently with success. Mary seemed infatuated with her shaggy captain. So the young men held an indignation meeting, and resolved to look up the captain's record, which they did. It was a bad one, and included the fact that he had a wife and children in Scotland.

Proof of this was sent to Mr. Blandy, and he tried to call a halt. He put his foot down, as becomes the head of a house, and announced that the captain would have to cease his visits, and Mary must have nothing further to do with him. The next time the captain called Mary explained the situation to him, and he seemed to think it amusing. His marriage with the woman in Scotland wasn't a legal marriage, he said. It could be declared off at any time. He was a great talker, and could make Mary believe that white was black. She took his word about that Scotch marriage, and refused to give him up. One of the curious things about this case is that Mary's mother was a champion of the captain from first to last. She called him her dear son, and when he fell sick, after the captain had been forbidden the house by Mr. Blandy, she moaned and wailed for her dear son so greatly that he had to be sent for. So he sat at her bedside for hours together, and when he wasn't there he was pursuing his courtship of the daughter.

Meanwhile Mr. Blandy remained firm and refused to consent to Mary's marriage to the captain, notwithstanding the fact that the latter proved he was a

brother of the happy warrior, failed to move him. So Mary and the captain held a caucus and decided that the old man was superfluous, and would have to be removed. They laid their plans carefully. They gave out the information that funeral plans had been heard in the house, which was a certain warning that Blandy would die within twelve months. Cranston also went around explaining that he was gifted with second sight, and he had seen the old gentleman's ghost. Having thus prepared the neighborhood for fatalities, the captain went to Scotland and sent Mary a package of powder for cleaning silverware, showing how thoughtful he was. Instead of cleaning the silverware, Mary absently began feeding the powder to her father, who certainly wasn't silver-lined. She was quite careless about it. She put the powder in his tea, in his porridge, in his gravy. Through a long winter she seasoned his victuals with arsenic, and the old man's sufferings were indescribable. During that time two servants were nearly killed by drinking poisoned tea Mary had left lying around.

June came, and the father still hung on, and Cranston wrote Mary a letter from Scotland, intimating that she was slower than molasses in January, and urging her to double the dose. One day, when Blandy's sufferings had been intolerable, and he lay moaning and writhing upon his bed, Mary's adamant conscience was touched, and she confessed that she had been poisoning him. She fell on her knees at his bedside and begged her father to curse her. "I curse thee not," said the poor old man; "no, I bless thee, and hope God will bless thee, and amend thy life."

Shortly after this he died, and he was in his grave before suspicion was directed toward Mary. Then the servants began to talk, and when suspicion once was aroused, there was no difficulty in securing evidence, for the girl had been perfectly reckless in conducting her operations. She was arrested, tried and convicted, and one fine morning she ascended the scaffold, young and handsome still, and suffered all that the law calls for in such cases. Cranston, when he heard of her arrest, fled from Scotland and went to France. Fearing that he would be hunted down there, he moved on to Flanders, where he fell ill and died.

**Overlooked Points in Wager.**  
A wager is said to have been won by Sir Walter Raleigh, from Queen Elizabeth on the question of how much smoke is contained in a pound of Virginia tobacco. A pound of the weed was weighed, burned and then weighed again, in ashes. The question was held to be satisfactorily settled by determining that the weight of the smoke was exactly that of the tobacco before being burned, minus the residuum of ashes. The fact that the ashes had received additional weight by combining with the oxygen of the atmosphere and the further fact that certain gases were evolved in the process of combustion were unthought of by the queen and Sir Walter, the knowledge of such things not having then been revealed.

**Nutrient in English Walnut.**  
The English walnut is an excellent food. Its meat contains six times as much nutrient as an equal amount of beefsteak. Doctors everywhere advise its use on account of its great food value for fattening and heating qualities. Besides being a tasty and confectionery delicacy, it is often used for pickles, catchup and preserves. In France many tons are made into oil every year, furnishing a good substitute for olive oil. In England it is customary to eat the fresh nut meat with wine. Experts maintain that there is no good reason why this country should not raise at least enough English walnuts for our own needs, and even export a few million dollars' worth.

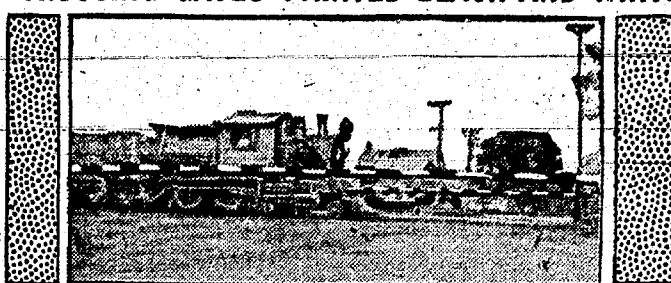
**Rather Overdid It.**  
The little daughter of a college professor had been taught to pray for the things which she desired. It was very dry and hot, and everybody was talking anxiously for rain. Suddenly it occurred to the little miss that she could pray for rain, and she acted on her impulse at once. Shortly after, there came a terrific thunder shower. Streets were gullied out, trees were blown down and other damage was done. After the shower, the child's mother found her standing in the window looking out with a rueful face upon the deluge, and heard her say in an awestruck voice: "Oh, Lord, what have I done?—Everybody's Magazine."

**Too Rich Cream.**  
"To illustrate the uses of advertisements," says a well-known theatrical manager, "there is one experience I had of which I often think. 'I was driving when I came to a farm where there was a meadow to let. The owner of this farm, would have made a good advertisement manager, for the big poster announcing that the meadow was to let was worded as follows: 'This field to let, seventeen acres, for grazing. Persons having old cattle, or cattle with strong appetites, had better be cautious in turning them out to graze here, as my grass is so rich that it would be liable to injure them for the first week or so.'"

**Justice to Thomas Paine.**  
Most of Thomas Paine's ideas are so familiar to us of today that it is hard to believe the hullabaloo they raised. International arbitration, anti-slavery, justice to women and mercy to animals. He proposed old age pensions, compulsory public schools, state aid to poor children, endowment of motherhood, public work for the unemployed, and a graduated income tax to pay for these reforms.—Exchange.

**Where She Came In.**  
"If I had twenty dollars I would buy more things than this house could hold," said Tommy. "I wouldn't," said Albert. "I would buy—," and looking at his little sister, continued, "a diamond ring for Mollie." Mollie, suspicious of such generosity, declared she would not have your diamond ring, but you'd better pay the nickel you owe me."—Exchange.

## CROSSING GATES PAINTED BLACK AND WHITE



Instead of painting the gates at grade crossings white, as has been the common custom, several railroad companies are now painting them black and white. Each of the long arms is marked with wide stripes, or bands, which are alternately black and white. The purpose of this change is to make the crossing guards more conspicuous. Against a background of light-colored buildings or a light roadway plain white gates, even when closed, are sometimes unnoticed by motorists, and accidents result. But the checked or striped gates are almost sure to attract attention in any light. It is said that this change already has lessened the number of accidents at crossings.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

## AIDS SECTION MAN

INVENTION DOING AWAY WITH MUCH OF HIS HANDWORK.

**Gasoline Section Car One of First Machines to Relieve Trackman of Some of Difficulties Under Which He Labored.**

Compelled to do his work by primitive hand methods that have changed but little since the beginning of railroading, the railroad trackman has long ranked as the poorest paid and most unfavorably situated of all laborers. In recent years a change has been taking place, a change that is fast placing the trackman in the position that his skill and experience and the importance of his work entitles him to—that of a skilled mechanic. As in many other lines of work this change is due to just one cause, the introduction of power-driven machinery for doing the work formerly done by back-breaking hand labor.

The first machine to break the evil spell, as it might be called, under which the trackman has labored, is the gasoline section car, which has been in use in a limited way for a number of years. What this means to the men engaged in the work is easily understood by anyone who has witnessed the laborious ordeal of pumping an old-time hander. Starting the day's work by pumping such a car over from four to six miles of track, some of it upgrade, is enough to destroy the efficiency of any group of men for the remainder of the day. On some of the most progressive railroads the section men now ride to their work on a gasoline car that is capable of making a speed of as much as 30 miles an hour. When they reach their work they are as fresh and fit as a business man who has ridden to his office in an automobile.

Two other machines that are rapidly coming into use and that are relieving the trackman of much heavy work formerly done by hand are the gasoline welder and the gasoline mowing machine. Both of these machines are proving profitable for the companies that have installed them. What is probably the most important innovation in track work is the pneumatic tamper now being introduced. It is now known that machine tamping costs less than one-third as much as hand tamping, and that track tamped with the machine settles approximately one-half as much as track tamped by hand and subjected to the same service.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

**Third Arm of the Army.**  
No country in the world is so well supplied with alert young wireless telegraph operators as the United States. It is estimated that there are more than 150,000 wireless stations, large and small, scattered throughout the country. For each of these outfits there is at least one intelligent operator, so that America must contain an immense army of wireless experts. The government at Washington has just come to realize that this great force of loyal and alert young men may be made extremely valuable in organizing a vast signal system. This new third arm of the army is called the Junior American Guard, which already comprises nearly 10,000 members.—New York Telegram.

**Off-the-Tray Luncheons.**  
For the benefit of persons making extended railroad journeys, who wish to procure their meals at less cost than dining-car meals permit, a western railroad has inaugurated what it calls an "off-the-tray" service. Waiters pass through the tourist cars and chairs bearing large trays laden with many kinds of sandwiches, fruits, hot coffee, milk, pies, cakes, etc. It is expected that this service will be especially appreciated by women traveling with small children, and by those who would like to supplement their lunches with a hot drink or a dessert.—Popular Mechanics.

**Why He Preferred It.**  
"How do you like my new gown?"  
"Not nearly so well as my old one, my dear."  
"What is there about the old gown you like better than this?"  
"The old one is paid for, my dear."  
—Detroit Free Press.

**Had the Last-Page Habit.**  
Editor—Oh, I hate these magazine serials.  
Marie—Why, my dear?  
Editor—You can never tell how a story is coming out until it is finished.  
—Boston Evening Transcript.

**The Cautious Man.**  
"Does your husband subscribe to the theory that kissing transmits germs?"  
"No, he thinks that germs are most likely transmitted by money and is very careful not to hand me any."—Kansas City Journal.

## QUEER LOCOMOTIVES IN USE

Duplex Double Boiler Type Being Employed on Grade Between Orizaba and Esperanza.

The operation of the 4 per cent grade between Orizaba and Esperanza is interesting from the use of locomotives of the Pacific duplex double-boiler type. The latest of these engines, built by the Vulcan Iron Works in England, have six 45-inch driving wheels under each end, with a wheelbase of 9 feet 8 inches for the entire engine. The weight is about 153 net tons in working order, with a tractive power of 59,134 pounds. The four cylinders are 19 by 25 inches. The boiler is a single-structure having two barrels 4 feet 6 3/4 inches in diameter, set back to back, each with a firebox 5 feet 4 1/2 inches by 4 feet 6 3/4 inches. While there are two independent fireboxes, there is no division above the crown-sheets, so that water circulates freely between the two barrels and there is ample depth of water over the crown-sheets when the engine is on the steep grade. The trainload for one engine on the 4 per cent grade is 340 metric tons. The whole weight is available for adhesion, and with the short rigid wheel base they can traverse sharp curves safely and with a minimum of the wear. The articulation of the underframes and the supports of the boilers provide for free movement longitudinally and vertically. The fuel demand is fully 20 per cent less than for two ordinary engines of practically the same dimensions.

All freight trains are handled with two engines, one at each end. Trains of 680 tons are hauled at an average speed of ten miles an hour. This is considered good performance on a continuous grade of 4 per cent, not compensated for curvature and having curves of 350-foot radius, many of which are reverse curves and are so short that frequently a train will be on three curves at once. Since 1909 all engines have used petroleum-oil fuel from Tuxpan. It is stored in tanks of 50,000-barrel capacity, and the service tanks for supplying the locomotives are of 500-barrel capacity.

## ANIMALS SHOW GOOD SENSE

Intelligence Better Displayed Along Lines of Railroads Than Anywhere Else.

There is probably no place where the real intelligence of animals is better displayed than along the railroads. The following is one of many illustrations constantly occurring to demonstrate that fact.

A few summers ago, the engineer of a local passenger train ambling along on one of our branch lines, when rounding a curve, discovered a brand-new cow contesting the right of way. She was standing directly in the center of the track with head lowered and tail switching, and would-sticking her nose in the way of the locomotive. The engineer, knowing the value of live stock, increases when crossed with a locomotive, he shut off and came to a stop but a few feet from where she was standing. The efforts of the fireman to drive her from the track were futile. She simply turned and proceeded calmly down the track followed by the fireman patting her with stones, but without effect. Meantime the train slowly followed. The performance continued for possibly half a mile, until nearing a bridge spanning a small culvert, the fireman discovered a diminutive calf struggling to extricate itself from between the ties where it had fallen. With the assistance of the engineer the fireman quickly lifted the youngster, from its perilous position and placed it alongside the track. He was watched gratefully by the mother cow, who, then to the amazement of all walked up to fireman, licked his hand, and with her rescued offspring ambled contentedly away.

**Cheese Men Find Rennet Substitute.**  
At cheese factories in Ontario search for a substitute for rennet has followed the cutting off by the war of the supply of calves' stomachs from Europe. Nearly as good results are reported from pepsin, especially scale pepsin, which is better than the powdered, and this costs only half as much as rennet for the same yield of cheese. It can be used either alone or combined with such rennet of home production as can be obtained. The pepsin is dissolved in water slightly warmed, and the factory at Finch uses about four ounces to 1,000 pounds of milk.

**Unlooked-for Success.**  
"Did you ask that girl to marry you as you said you would?"  
"No; I had cause to regret my intention."  
"What was the matter?"  
"She asked me first, this is leap-year and she knows me to it."

**On the Cards.**  
"Do you think they will sue for a 'fringe law'?"  
"If they don't the women will make it cluba."

## ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands of Men and Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

Nature warns you when the track of health is not clear. Kidney and bladder troubles cause many annoying symptoms and great inconvenience both day and night. Unhealthy kidneys may cause lambo, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints or muscles, at times have headache or indigestion, as time passes you may have a pale complexion, puffiness or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes feel as though you had heart trouble, because as your kidneys improve, they will help the other organs to flourish. If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar bottles at all drug stores. Don't make any mistake but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

**Prevalency of Kidney Disease.**  
Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalence of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are among the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the least recognized by patients, who seldom content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease constantly undermines the system.

If you feel that your kidneys are the cause of your sickness or you have some of the symptoms of kidney disease, try taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the famous kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys improve, they will help the other organs to flourish. If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar bottles at all drug stores. Don't make any mistake but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

**SPECIAL NOTE.**—You may obtain a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. This gives you the opportunity to prove the remarkable merit of this medicine. They will also send you a book of valuable information, containing many of the thousands of grateful letters received from men and women who say they found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy needed in kidney, liver and bladder troubles. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample size bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure and mention this paper.

**SAUSAGES WITHOUT MEAT**  
Had Quit All That. Senator Culbertson of Texas tells a story of how Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones, who were schoolchaps several years ago, met again after a lapse of seven years.

"I saw in the papers about your marriage, Mary," remarked Mrs. Jones. "About five years ago, wasn't it?"  
"Yes," Mrs. Smith replied, "it was just five years ago on June 20."

"And I have been married six years. I understand your husband is quite a bibliomaniac."

"Oh, no, not any more," hastily corrected Mrs. Smith. "He has been on the water wagon for nearly three years now."

**Well Mated.**  
"Are they well mated?"  
"Perfectly. He likes to make money and she likes to spend it."

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HUNTING RIFLES

When you look over the sights of your rifle and see an animal like this silhouetted against the background, you like to feel certain that your equipment is equal to the occasion. The majority of successful hunters use Winchester Rifles, which shows how they are esteemed. They are made in various styles and calibers and ARE SUITABLE FOR ALL KINDS OF HUNTING

**Raise High Priced Wheat on Fertile Canadian Soil**

Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help feed the world by tilling some of her fertile soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think of the money you can make with wheat around \$2 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming in Western Canada is as profitable an industry as grain growing.

The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. Military service is not compulsory in Canada but there is a great demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have gone to Europe for service. The climate is beautiful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, prices high and the land is so convenient. Write for literature as to reduced railway rates to Supr. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can. or to

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M. V. MacINNIS 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. Canadian Government Agent

## HEAL YOUR SKIN TROUBLES

With Cuticura, the Quick, Sure and Easy Way. Trial Free

Bathe with Cuticura Soap, dry and apply the Ointment. They stop itching instantly, clear away pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, remove dandruff and scalp irritation, heal red, rough and sore hands as well as most baby skin troubles. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere. Adv.

**The Right Kind.**  
"Where can I find some good current literature?"  
"Try these manuals of electricity."

Babies and planes would make less noise if grown people would let them alone.

There was a little lawyer man, who gently smiled as he began his long drawn-out will to read. And then, at the end of the will, he said to the lady who was to have a nice fat legacy: "Now, my dear, as you lay in bed with pleasure and know how, be so good as to read the will to the lady."

The only legacy left to me people is a poor stomach with a tendency to serve its master. I have tried all the diet and close companies of the doctor called competition. For more than half a century I have been in constant search of a remedy in every clime.

**Green's August Flower**

has been successfully used for the relief of stomach and liver troubles all over the civilized world. All druggists or dealers everywhere have it in 25c. and 75c. sizes. Try it and see for yourself.

**Thousands Take**

this mild, family remedy to avoid illness, and to improve and protect their health. They keep their blood pure, their livers active, their bowels regular and digestion sound and strong with

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